Dated September 4 1943

Every Thursday Threepence

# JOHN BULL

**HUSBANDS IN JAIL**
*by HARRY HOPKINS*
Page 5

**"Whale Hunt"**
A dramatic complete story
*by HAMMOND INNES*
Page 8

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*Issued by the Ministry of Transport*

P.16

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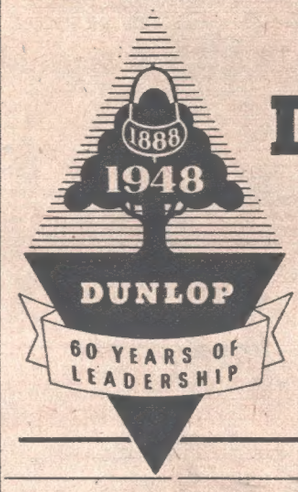


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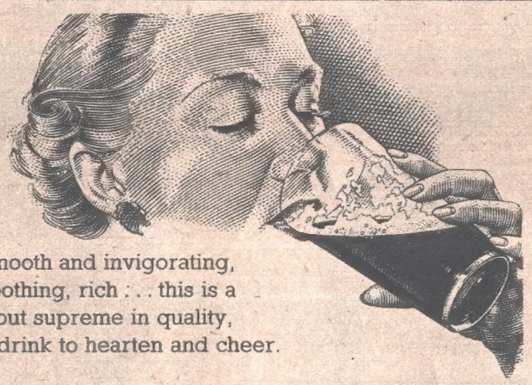

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# JOHN BULL

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SEPTEMBER 4, 1948 VOLUME 84 NUMBER 2201


## The Cost of Peace

ON THE NINTH ANNIVERSARY of the start of the second World War, which caused more destruction, moral and material, than any previous catastrophe in history, we realize bitterly that, unless wisdom rapidly conquers fear and folly, mankind may have bled and squandered its treasures in vain.

What is the greatest single safeguard against a renewed and perhaps final disaster? Surely the United Nations.

This organization, however enfeebled by East-West rivalry and by the way in which nations desperately refuse to surrender any of their own sovereignty, is nevertheless doing fine work and can yet save us all.

The very existence of the United Nations is some deterrent to international brigandage. No local or racial grouping of states can possibly replace it. The common people everywhere know this and are bewildered because the peacemaking effort of U.N.O. is so often thwarted, and because they hear so much wicked propaganda against it.

Yet the overwhelming value of the organization is shown by simple facts and figures which everyone can understand.

The cost of the late war is admittedly beyond all calculation. Billions upon billions of pounds, dollars, marks, francs, lire and yen were blown into nothingness.

The cost of U.N.O. for the present financial year is estimated at only £8,367,000.

In other words, it costs far less to keep the world's hopes of peace alive for a year than it cost Great Britain alone to wage total war for one day!

The obvious conclusion is not that we are spending too much on U.N.O., or resting too much hope on it, but that we are not paying nearly enough for it; nor making the fullest use of its possibilities for peace.

## Stopping the Strikes

THE TROUBLE THAT LED to the damaging dock strike in June may be eliminated if negotiations now going on for the amendment of the dock labour scheme are successful.

This is important to all of us. The last dock strike was bad enough; others could be disastrous in the critical period which still lies ahead.

What started the whole thing last time was a row about disciplinary action against eleven men who had objected to handling dirty cargo. The men thought the penalties were too severe, even after a tribunal had reviewed and reduced them. As tempers rose on both sides, the dispute developed into a deadlock. In the end people almost forgot what had started it.

But it came back to the punishment system.

The employers argued that, when you have given a man regular instead of casual employment, guaranteed him a minimum weekly wage whether he works or not, and ended many traditional hardships of the dock worker, he should in return submit to discipline. They pointed out that there are always a few men who won't do their money's worth of work. If an employer is not going to sack them, he must be able to punish them for slacking and bad behaviour.

Fair enough; but no one can make free workmen agree to a system of punishment which is so severe as to give them a sense of grievance whenever it is called into action. That is the way to start more strikes and cause more bitterness in industry.

So the men's demand that suspension from work as a punishment be limited to two weeks will have to be carefully considered.

Arthur Deakin, of the Transport and General Workers' Union, must meanwhile press on with his plan to explain the dock labour scheme, with its many benefits, more fully and clearly to the men.

## British "Mercenaries"

THE EMPLOYMENT OF British officers in rival Eastern armies is causing bad blood.

This has arisen, both in India and Asia Minor, because during our long periods of full military occupation we naturally supplied the military experts and leaders.

When the two Indian dominions and the Arab states became independent, many of those officers left the British service and stayed where they were. They themselves wanted to continue the only career for which they had been trained; and their new employers needed them as technicians.

Being no longer British soldiers, they have, of course, full civilian rights to hire themselves to foreign governments, or to anybody else.

But the results, in the unsettled lands from the Mediterranean to the Bay of Bengal, could be very serious.

The Indian Government complains that British officers of the Pakistan Army are opposing Indian troops in the Pakistan fighting. And as the Indian Army also employs British officers, Britons would be fighting each other in the event of any open clash.

Nearer home, much bitterness has been caused throughout Jewry by the fact that the Arab Legion and other Arab forces are partly officered by men who were formerly in the British Army.

The situation is full of dangers. It should be ended forthwith, if necessary by special legislation to prevent British subjects from serving as military mercenaries.

## Holland's New Queen

HOLLAND CHANGES HER QUEEN this week. Wilhelmina retires; Juliana mounts the throne. We sincerely congratulate them both, one on completing fifty years of hard and conscientious work; the other on a future full of promise.

The Netherlands monarchy is one of the most efficient and best-loved of those remaining in the world. Under the constitution the crown still wields rather more power than does our own; and the personality of the sovereign is important in deciding how much of that power is political.

Because Holland is a small country, closely-knit, it is very like a big family, all the members of which look to the queen as their head.

The royal family's affairs are keenly and affectionately discussed in every Dutch home, like the affairs of friendly neighbours.

Queen Wilhelmina's courage and strength during the five tragic years which followed the Nazi conquest in May, 1940, confirmed her place in the hearts of the Dutch people at a time when other monarchies were losing support.

Queen Juliana, whose husband has also a proud wartime record, inherits not only her mother's abilities, but her goodwill in the Netherlands.

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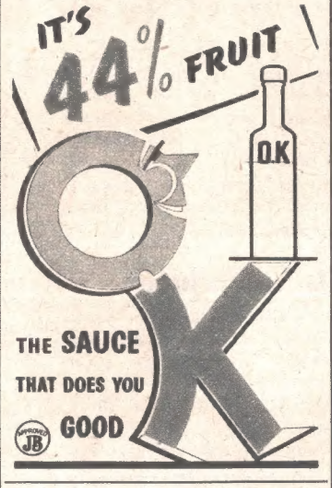


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*They* WORK WONDERS in keeping your new things new....

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# Husbands-in-Jail

*by HARRY HOPKINS*

**In Britain today the working man who's unhappy in his home life faces a dilemma—and the Law is blind to his dilemma. Though his wife may be quite worthless and he can't stand living with her, he may be unable to afford living apart from her. If he doesn't pay maintenance, he goes to prison. And what good does that do the man, his wife or the community?**

Claud Mullins: "Too many women succeed in pose of injured innocence"

IN THE YEAR 1947 the jail gates of Britain clanged shut on 2,354 men whose sole "crime" was that they owed money to their wives.

And the Prison Commissioners are puzzled. They make an extraordinary confession. "It is," they report, "far from clear why many of these men reach prison."

John ——, perhaps, could tell them.

The day John got out and carried his suitcase back to Ladysmith Street, London, S.E., the neighbours asked him what sort of a holiday he'd had. To them, he was a decent little man. To the Law, John —— was a wife deserter who had defaulted on male responsibilities recognized in all civilized communities.

If you could have broken through the bitterness, and got him to talk, this is the complicated human mess you'd have found behind that facile paradox.

It was, they said, a case of love at first sight. John, a middle-aged widower with two young children, had met her machining bits of an aeroplane at a war plant where he worked as a clerk. Three weeks later they were married.

John was called up. To his bride, earning good money now, Burma seemed a long way off, the rows of Xs at the foot of John's letters pretty cold consolation after a hard day.

John —— looked older when he got back. And older still after the first week or two of "home comforts" he'd dreamed of in the Burma foxholes. His children were half wild. Their stepmother had more pressing interests. Once, when he reproached her, the plate she threw made a mark on the wall.

One night he packed a suitcase, took his two children and left. He didn't tell anyone where he was going. He just wanted to cut his losses and start over again.

### Policeman at the Door

He was beginning to feel his feet when a policeman arrived at the door with a summons. The wife he'd been struggling to thrust right out of his mind was after him for maintenance.

He told the boss it was a brother's funeral. But when the oldest of the magistrates asked him what he had to say for himself he only mumbled stupidly. His wife didn't say much either. She just cried well.

The magistrate read John a neat little sermon on his duty towards the woman he'd "once loved enough to marry." Then he made an order.

John —— walked away from the court stunned. That he should be ordered to stint his children to pay money to a worthless woman who'd neglected them and driven him to despair—the fantastic injustice of it! One thing he did resolve right there: she would never have a penny. They could send him to jail first.

Of course, they did just that.

Hard cases, they say, make bad law. But bad law multiplies hard cases. For years, the prison governors of Britain, not by vocation sentimental men, have been writing to headquarters in Horseferry House to express their concern about prisoners like John ——. They are alarmed to find that they are unable to discover what these men have done wrong.

### What the Commissioners Say

Here are the words of the Prison Commissioners' latest reference to the subject, cmd. 7271, para. 78:

> *First*, many of these men are genuinely convinced and often apparently with good reason, that the fault lies as much or more with their wives as with themselves and they have no intention of paying. . . . *Second* . . . insufficient attention appears to have been given to individual circumstances before committal and . . . more patient attempts to investigate and advise with a view to avoiding imprisonment wherever possible would perhaps avert much unfruitful hardship. Attention has also been drawn to the marked variation in periods of imprisonment ordered by the courts in respect of similar sums of money.

Today the number of the husbands-in-jail, mounting steadily over the last five years, is swollen by ex-Servicemen returning from long service overseas to confront complex human problems of changed circumstances and broken homes. Certainly some of these men deserve no better than they get. Others, inarticulate, or just plain unfortunate, are not victimizers, but victims.

Surely if John —— were a normally intelligent man he would have explained the true situation to the magistrates, who must be three, including a woman?

The facts are that John left school at fourteen. He had never been in a court before. This was the first time in his life he had been required to make a speech in public. In such circumstances the most intelligent man would be exceptional indeed if he remained sufficiently articulate to give a clear account of a complicated intimate human relationship to a Bench of elderly magistrates.

Even assuming maximum insight and patience on the Bench the chances that some vital fact would not emerge are high.

The situation in reality was worse than this. Even if John had stated his case it might have availed him little. For the scales of justice in the matrimonial courts are permanently tipped. There are six grounds on which a wife may be granted separation and maintenance, only two for a man.

What is the law? The law is that if a wife persists in slinging crockery at her husband, that is cruelty, but there is little that he can do about it in the matrimonial courts. If, however, he slings it back, that is cruelty and ground for a separation-and-maintenance order against him.

If his wife spends much of the housekeeping money on drink, he can take himself and his children away, but, says the Law, if he does so he must go on paying his wife's drink money—or prove persistent drunkenness, which is a legal feat.

### If Wife Offers to Return

Such a wife, it appears, might be guilty of "constructive desertion." But to counter a wife's claims with such a plea would require the services of a lawyer skilled in the complex law of evidence and of matrimony. In these cases legal representation is rare.

Furthermore, if the wife has admittedly deserted her husband, but offers in court to return to him, he will be required either to take her back or pay up. It is no easy thing for him to prove that her offer is not sincere and has no object other than to make him pay.

The one-sidedness of the law is reinforced by one-sided administration.

In practice, the magistrate will generally give the wife a summons on the advice of the probation officer who hears her story first. And though that underpaid, overworked official may be well aware that hell hath no fury like a woman scorned, he often has neither the time nor the ability to check up on her impassioned story.

The case which thus starts one-sided may continue one-sided throughout. For with very limited social experience, some magistrates cherish a grandiose view of themselves not so much as administrators of the law but as guardians of public morals especially dedicated to the protection of the "weaker sex" against the depredations of the unregenerate male.

"Far too many women succeed in a pose of injured innocence," says Claud Mullins, former Metropolitan magistrate, who has made a special study of matrimonial law.

"Plenty of women come into court even in the early days of a marriage, complaining of this or that conduct of their husbands and taking it for granted that they are entitled to a pension for life at his expense."

Recently a fifty-year-old roadman left his wife after twenty years of unhappiness. A maintenance order of thirty shillings a week was made. His wage was low, and, inevitably, he fell behind. When he explained his difficulties to the magistrate, that worthy informed him that he was not concerned with his financial stringencies. His duty was to live with his wife.

But the roadman preferred to go to jail.

Even where a wife is indisputably the "guilty" party and it is the husband who applies for and is granted separation, the magistrates may still make a maintenance order against him on the grounds that *someone* has to keep the woman.

In Britain today an insoluble dilemma may confront the working man unfortunate in his domestic life. He cannot

*stand* living with his wife; but he cannot *afford* to live apart from her. How to support two households on £5 a week? How even to contribute to a second household?

It is a dilemma which the law does not recognize.

Probably, in assessing the amount of an order, the magistrates will ask the wife "What do you earn?" but very rarely, if ever, is even a childless young woman asked, "What *can* you earn?"

In fact, the income of many homes is today very much a joint affair. But, in the eyes of the law, it is the husband, and the husband alone, who is the provider.

This impracticability of the law gives rise from time to time to bizarre situations in which a poorly paid husband, who may perhaps be middle aged, is required to deprive himself of every small pleasure indefinitely in order to pay what amounts to a life pension to a healthy young woman who could, if she cared, earn more than he.

If the wife's position improves or his own worsens, the husband may apply to have the order varied. But few men are fully posted on their rights. Others suffer in silence or go resignedly to jail rather than endure the ordeal of another public inquisition.

A Poor Man's Lawyer who has handled thousands of these cases in the last ten years told me: "Many employers will not take a man on again when he comes out of jail. He's right in the ditch then. The situation is ten times worse than it was before he went in."

### Law Was Amended

By 1937 this question of husbands-in-jail had become so disturbing that a change was made in the law. It was ruled that a man could not be jailed for defaulting on a maintenance order unless either "culpable neglect" or "wilful refusal" were established.

But the line between blameworthy neglect and congenital fecklessness or sheer inability to budget on microscopic margins is much finer than many magistrates realize. This difficulty is enhanced by the fact that a wife may let non-payment slide for years and then suddenly decide to enforce it. A few weeks ago a Fulham man was summoned on account of £1,500 arrears of maintenance on a £2 a week order which his wife had neglected to collect since 1923.

It is, of course, true that in this matter there are more wronged women than wronged men.

But the women are wronged in spite of the law; the men because of it. And, unlike the men, the women have numerous agencies to guard their interests.

It is also true that in the intricate relationships of husbands and wives not even the most sensitive legal system, tempered with the greatest possible discernment, can ever eliminate raw deals. There can be no "fair shares" in love and pain.

Nevertheless, it is of real social importance that this matrimonial "breakdown" machinery should work with all possible justice and speed. For, though relatively obscure, this tract of our legal system touches the lives of immensely more of our people than the much-debated divorce courts.

### Pay As They Earn

What can be done?

The Haldane Society (of reformist lawyers) proposes to equate the position of husband and wife by granting to the husband also the right of separation on grounds of "cruelty." It would omit the "persistent" qualification.

Next, it would protect feckless males against themselves by requiring employers to make wife-maintenance deductions from pay packets at the order of the court.

To bring the law into line with modern conditions at a time when "Equal Pay for Equal Work" is a slogan of the hour, when the Government is pleading with married women to take jobs, the magistrates might be instructed that in suitable cases an unoccupied wife's earning *power* should be borne in mind.

A clean-up of the magistracy and more informal procedure might help. Quite often, says Claud Mullins, husbands "have substantial grievances, and under conventional court methods these grievances are not elicited."

But the one reform that will do most good will be skilled legal representation for both sides through the free legal aid panel system which is to be set up under the Rushcliffe plan.

The present situation benefits no one. At a time when our jails are far too full, prison governors are forced to feed and accommodate prisoners whose crime they are at a loss to name. At a time when our industry cries out for labour, men are condemned to unwanted idleness at the State's expense.

Good citizens are turned into warped, embittered rebels, on strike against everything and everybody. And even the wives in whose name all this is done gain nothing — for imprisonment both cancels the past debt and reduces to vanishing point any prospects of future payments.

If it were not real, and therefore tragic, it would be pure Gilbert and Sullivan; the sort of Gilbert and Sullivan we cannot afford today.

## *What they say about* HAPPINESS

We have no more right to consume happiness without producing it than to consume wealth without producing it.—*George Bernard Shaw.*

The formula for complete happiness is to be very busy with the unimportant.—*Edward Newton.*

It is not true that suffering ennobles the character; happiness does that sometimes, but suffering, for the most part, makes men petty and vindictive.—*Somerset Maugham.*

Peace is happiness digesting.—*Victor Hugo.*

Why are happy people not afraid of death, while the insatiable and the unhappy so abhor that grim feature?—*Logan Pearsall Smith.*

Happiness is beneficial for the body but it is grief that develops the power of the mind—*Proust.*

Lovers who love truly do not write down their happiness. — *Anatole France.*

Happiness is a form of courage.—*Holbrook Jackson.*

To crave for happiness in this world is simply to be possessed by a spirit of revolt. What right have we to happiness?—*Ibsen.*

# You'll be changing

**Some surprises may be in store for you soon at the cinema. One film only (probably British) and no change on Sunday: that's how the new Quota may affect the local**

***Saraband for Dead Lovers*, with Stewart Granger, Joan Greenwood, will be one Quota film. Many more are needed if the Quota is to work**

# your cinema routine

*by CONNERY CHAPPELL*

THIS IS THE MONTH when, by long tradition, the new cinema "season" really starts. The best releases have been held up, in many cases for months, so that they may catch the September film queues.

The holidays are over; there are few counter-attractions, and from now until Christmas millions of people have only the movies to go to on a spare evening.

Year by year, if you follow these things closely, you will see that the booking managers of the big cinema circuits pick a supply of film plums for release from the middle of September onwards. They want the biggest pictures to catch the biggest queues.

This year, however, things are different; very different. The old confidence has largely gone, and instead of firm booking dates stretching ahead into the New Year, there are question marks.

The fact is that cinemagoers, who are conservative folk at heart, and who have grown used to the same sort of programme for the last twenty years or more, have some surprises waiting for them. How many depends partly on the outcome of talks now going on between film people on both sides of the Atlantic.

The film diet that most of us have grown up on consists of two feature pictures, one larger than the other, a short or two, a news reel, a few minutes of advertising films, and perhaps an organ interlude—the whole amounting to a little over three hours' entertainment.

Sometimes, with a very big and long film, there is no second feature, but an extra short is added as makeweight.

The result in both cases is about two hundred minutes for one's money.

In the large cinemas this programme lasts for six days; in the smaller it changes twice a week. In the very small halls there are three new programmes a week. In most cases where there are Sunday films, the Sunday programme is different from the weekday one, and usually consists of a poor print of an old Hollywood film.

That is the pattern we have come to take for granted.

### How Programmes May Alter

Now it is in danger. In a year or so, from the way things are developing, it is very likely that this programme which has become part of our lives will be altered—for the better from the point of view of quality, perhaps.

It is likely, for instance, that the special Sunday night show, with its ancient copy of an ancient picture, will go. In future films may play for seven days, and not for six. But this is not a change which will come easily. Film showmen are conservative folk, and they have come to regard their Sunday evening show as their weekly piece of fat. They will be reluctant to change the shape of the Sunday programme—but circumstances may make them.

It is more than likely, too, that cinemas which change their programme twice a week will tend more and more to change only once, and those which change every other day will tend to change only twice weekly.

Even more spectacular, perhaps, will be the change we may expect in the actual structure of programmes. In the next year, it may well be that double feature programmes will be scaled down. Instead, we will tend more and more to have just one big feature. Programmes may accordingly be shorter.

What is the reason for all this? In two words: product shortage—caused not so much by a drying up at the studios, although the number of films being made in Hollywood is tending to fall, but by policy considerations which must eventually tend to keep the second-class films, and particularly the American ones, out of the market.

Films, in short, are suffering from a year of internal strife and legislation.

The troubles started last summer, when the Government, in order to save dollars, put a stiff tax on imported Hollywood films. The Americans retaliated by sending no new films into Britain. The film war was on.

Eventually, after months of bickering, an elaborate agreement was signed between the two sides. It was decided that Hollywood would restore the flow of films to this country and that she could take out seventeen million dollars (just over £4,000,000) of the trading profits made here.

### Profits Are Dropping

This was roughly a quarter of the profits made here during a war boom year. It is probably very nearly half of the profits she would be making now, for box-office receipts are falling steadily.

The balance of Hollywood earnings, it was agreed, could be spent by American companies on making British films, on various forms of investment, and so on.

After the agreement there was an uneasy truce. The films started coming in, but the Americans were very unhappy.

Then came a second blow. It was learned in Wardour Street, where the film men work, that the huge Rank organization had embarked on an all-out policy to play the maximum number of British pictures on the Odeon and Gaumont circuits. Sales managers of the American companies gasped as they realized that this automatically meant less and less playing time for American films in Britain.

Meanwhile, the official Films Council was meeting and arguing about the film quota—the percentage of British pictures which must be shown by law in our cinemas. Finally, a figure was sent to the President of the Board of Trade.

A few days later Harold Wilson announced that the quota of first feature playing time in British cinemas for the year starting October 1 would be forty-five per cent.

This news hit the film men like an uppercut from Joe Louis. It meant the playing of almost as many British films as American. Independent film exhibitors, who were meeting in the Isle of Man when the news broke, sent an urgent telegram of protest to Whitehall, and declared in advance that the quota would not work.

### Hollywood Was Alarmed

In New York and distant Hollywood the news of the forty-five per cent quota caused real alarm. The British market is immensely important to the Americans; it represents a very large slice of the total profits. And not only had the wicked British "frozen" all but seventeen millions of the yearly dollars Hollywood earns here, but they now proposed a quota so severe that it would seriously reduce the earning power of the Hollywood films in Britain anyway.

There was something of a panic in the Californian studios, and technicians were sacked. The local papers damned the British for a pack of rogues.

The whole business was taken up by the film companies with the American Government. It is still an important subject behind the scenes.

Then, right on top of all this, the film trade realized something else. For years Sunday programmes have been booked separately from the main bill of the week. The main programme costs a lot, the Sunday one is cheap. So no new British films are ever shown on Sundays.

But with old Hollywood pictures being shown on Sunday, the amount of quota necessary on the weekday bookings is naturally increased. Exhibitors worked it all out and realized that, allowing for American programmes on Sunday nights, they would actually be required to show just over fifty per cent of British top feature films in the week.

From the point of view of the big Americans, and the small showmen, whose interests are mutual in this argument, the position was worse than they had thought. So there it is. And there it rests. The quota year starts in a week or two, and the autumn booking season should be starting right now. Various estimates have been made of the number of new British films of size that will be available—and few of them exceed ninety. Exhibitors argue that they will need up to two hundred to meet their quota. In this, to be fair, they are possibly over-stating their case. The quota is fixed on playing time, not on the number of films.

### Quality Films Needed

A picture like *Hamlet*, say, playing for a month, would fulfil roughly eight weeks' quota. So the solution to the film showman's headache is quality—quality from the British producers.

Luckily, there are some British films of high promise awaiting showing. *Saraband for Dead Lovers* is due in London's West End this month. It stars Stewart Granger and Joan Greenwood. *Scott of the Antarctic*, with John Mills, was made near the Arctic Circle in Technicolor. It is the inside "tip" for selection for this year's Film Command Performance.

Then there is *Bonnie Prince Charlie*, Korda's spectacle, also in Technicolor, and starring David Niven. It has been a year or more in the making, and great things are expected of it.

One recent British film, *The Red Shoes*, starring Moira Shearer, Anton Walbrook and Robert Helpmann, drew high praise and will bring no quota grumbles.

There are many such films—but are there enough for this heavy quota? Most exhibitors think not. In this, as I say, they may prove to be pessimistic.

People in close touch with the studios say that there is a new spirit of optimism abroad in the land. Costs have been fiendishly high—but they are now being brought down without undue loss of production value. There have been all sorts of bottlenecks—but improved organization is steadily solving these problems. Arthur Rank himself is absolutely positive that the producers are now over their growing pains.

Summing up, these are the changes I consider likely in the next year:

Longer playing time for outstanding British pictures. Films like *Oliver Twist* will almost certainly be carried over from one week to another. With a scarcity of product the best films will get the longest bookings. Film people incline to say that the public does not want extended playing time, that it wants its programmes changed weekly, or twice weekly, or whenever it is. But there has always been public support for a long run of a *big* film. Look at *Gone With the Wind*; look at *The Wicked Lady*.

### The Opportunity's Here

I see, too, a tendency for two-day bookings to become three-day, and three-day in turn to become whole week bookings. (A showman changing his programme every other day would need 150 British films for his quota. He almost certainly couldn't get them.)

The programme itself must slowly change. The second feature will tend to drop out as a direct result of this new quota law which comes into full operation in three weeks' time. These minor films would only add to a showman's quota complications.

This coming twelve months will be decisive in the short but hectic history of the British studios. They have the greatest opportunity they have ever had. Let's see what they make of it.

***The Red Shoes*** **(Moira Shearer, Robert Helpmann) is worth long runs**

**A *drosje* slid up, a man in a green jacket and with a viking beard got out. "Daughter," said Monsen angrily, "Get in here"**

# WHALE HUNT

## *by HAMMOND INNES*

***To nail a lie and win Olaf Monsen's daughter, Jan made a desperate wager. How could his small craft hope to compete against Monsen's battleship of a catcher?***

I MET SOLVEIG MONSEN on the Tyskebryggen, the old German quay where the wooden, gabled houses of the Hanseatic League still stand. She was gazing out across the huddle of shipping in Bergen Harbour.

Solveig turned as I greeted her and smiled. She was a tall girl with fair hair and blue eyes and a better figure than most Norwegian girls of the west coast. But her face looked pale and her gaze wandered again to the harbour entrance.

"Your father has just come in," I said, thinking to allay her obvious anxiety. I spoke in English, for my Norwegian has never been very good. "His catcher is over there by the customs sheds."

"I know that," she answered. "It is Jan I am worrying about. The *Skarv* should have been in yesterday. And there has been this terrible storm. The boat is so small. He goes farther out than the others and it is dangerous.

"He must always be more reckless than the others. He must always try to prove to me, to everybody, that he is—" She hesitated and then suddenly turned to me, "—that he is not a coward."

She stared at me out of her amazingly blue eyes. "You are a friend of Jan, Mr. Newton. You were with him during the war—at Lofoten and later up in the mountains. You know he is a brave man."

"One of the bravest I've met."

"Then what is it that happened on that first whaling expedition to the Antarctic?" she asked. "My brother is killed. My father will no longer speak about Jan or let me see him. And Jan himself is changed. He is bitter and will not go again, but buys a little boat like an islander."

It was true. I thought of the old Jan I had known during the war—a brave man with the nature of a boy. This new Jan had come as a shock to me. He was withdrawn, secretive—his mind curdled with bitterness.

I looked out across the masts of the fishing boats to the flat waters that ran past the island of Askoy. "There's a catcher coming in now," I said. It was not difficult to identify the little black-and-white boat as a whale catcher; the crow's nest barrel on the for'ard mast was plainly visible.

We met the *Skarv* as she berthed. They had no whale and the bulwarks for'ard had been smashed to matchwood.

Jan stepped off. His dark face was set and angry. He pushed back his black hair.

"Why the reception committee?" His voice was resentful, suspicious. "I suppose you've heard we lost a man—and a whale and our gear?"

"I was worried, Jan," Solveig answered him.

"Worried? Why should you be worried? You stick to filial obedience and leave me alone."

He made to push past us, but Solveig caught him by the arm.

"Jan," she said. "What is the matter? Why are you so bitter? You know I cannot help worrying about you." She spoke softly and in Norwegian.

The softness in her voice was mirrored for an instant in Jan's eyes. I saw again the boy I'd got to know so well during the war. Then his face hardened.

"Did your father tell you to worry about me? Did he? Did Olaf Monsen tell you to come here to greet one of the little catchers?

"The daughter of the greatest *skytter* in Norway comes down to stare at the catcher of mink whale." He laughed bitterly. His words and his laugh cut her like a whip.

As he spoke a *drosje* slid up alongside us and a big man with a viking beard and silver buttons twinkling on his green jacket jumped out.

"Daughter." Olaf Monsen's voice was deep and angry. "Daughter," he said again in Norwegian. "Get in here."

He held open the door of the taxi. "Get in," he thundered as she hesitated. She got in meekly. The big man was in a dangerous mood. Anybody but a fool could see that. But Jan was that kind of a fool.

"Better lock your property up," he said, and the sneer was obvious.

Monsen came towards us. His brows were gathered in rage. For a moment I thought he was going to fell Jan with the huge fist that was clenched in sudden anger. "Keep clear of my daughter. You understand?"

As the big American car swung off the quay I caught a glimpse of the girl's white face looking back at us.

After meeting at the "Norge" that evening, Jan and I started out on a round of dives. By the time we reached Augustino's in the Torvgaten we were singing.

Jan ordered, and poured out a tumbler each of neat Scotch. Before my tumbler was half empty, he had become morose, his brown eyes sombre. He sat slumped in his chair, staring at the room behind my back.

"They're talking about me," he muttered darkly. "Look at 'em sitting around the great Olaf Monsen and lapping up the lying tale along with his whisky."

I turned in my chair. Across the smoke-filled room was a big table with five men, all whalers, seated around the big, bearded figure of Olaf Monsen. As I turned, the conversation in the room seemed to die away like the wind before a storm. In the sudden silence all eyes were turned to our table and I heard a voice say gruffly in Norwegian, "You're right, Olaf—he should be run out of the islands."

THE crash of Jan's chair was like a clap of thunder in that still room. Suddenly sobered, I got up and followed him as he crossed to Monsen's table and stopped in front of the *skytter*.

"So you want me run out of the islands?" Jan's voice was thin and violent. "Why?" He barked the question out like a pistol shot.

Olaf Monsen shifted his position, prepared for a fight. His big right hand was clenched. "You're a coward," he said, and his little blue eyes showed bright against the sudden paleness of his face.

Jan drew in his breath. "So at last you've had the courage to say it to my face.

"You think I'm a coward because your son's dead. You headed the rescue party and you believed what you wanted to believe. You never asked me what happened. And, by God, I wouldn't have told you then, if you had. But now I'm telling you——." He stopped. He seemed to be swallowing his words.

"I'm not a coward," he said at length, adding quickly, "and I'll prove it. I'll wager all I've got in the world—the *Skarv* —against your daughter that I go out into the North Ocean and bring in a bigger whale than you do."

"Get out!" was all Monsen said.

Jan didn't move. "Hr. Monsen, I'm challenging you to go out and get a whale bigger than I get. I'm challenging you

with my little *Skarv* against your battleship of a catcher. You—the best *skytter* in Norway. Do you refuse the challenge?"

Monsen swallowed behind his beard.

"You're a fool," he growled. "To face a blue fin in a cockleboat doesn't wipe out your cowardice, when Erik lies dead in the ice off Whale Bay."

"I'm wagering my life and my boat—that's all I have. You won't be risking your life. And I'm not asking for your daughter against her will. All I ask—if I win— is her freedom to choose whether she marries me or not. Well?"

"That's fair enough, Olaf," muttered one of the whaling captains. The others grunted agreement. Olaf Monsen couldn't refuse now. "All right," he said.

It was decided that *Whale Two*, Monsen's catcher, and the *Skarv* should rendezvous in three days' time. Each was to have a clear day of reasonable conditions to make his catch. The manager of an island station, Halvorsen, was to sail with *Whale Two* as judge.

"You're crazy," I told Jan as we went out into the cool night air. He was smiling and the look of the boyish adventurer I'd known during the war was back in his eyes.

"Ronnie, we were in some good scraps together during the war, and you always trusted my judgment. Will you do that again?"

My heart dropped down into my boots, for I knew what was coming.

"I want you to ship as a hand on the *Skarv*," he went on. "If you come the crew will come. If you don't there'll be no one to shame them into it. Will you?"

And I suppose because the liquor was still hot in my stomach and the old, affectionate, boyish note was back in his voice, I said, "Yes, of course."

WHEN we got down to the *Skarv* next morning the crew was standing in a little huddle on the quay. Jan pushed me forward. "This is Captain Newton," he said. "He was a British officer who fought for Norway up in the mountains. He has agreed to come with us. He is a good sailor. You would not desert me if an Englishman comes?"

The men hesitated, looking uncertainly at one another and then at me, but suddenly they were all smiling like kids that have been dared to swim farther than they think they can. Their spokesman, an old man called Henrik, turned to Jan.

"You are the captain, Jan. If you are taking the *Skarv* out into the *Norskehavet* after blue fin, then we'll come with you."

The men set to work on the *Skarv*. Their talk was all of how to tackle a real whale with a little ship.

As daylight faded Jan brought out a bottle of whisky and outlined his plan of action. And when he had finished all drank to the success of the venture.

As the crew tumbled out on to the quay they were boasting of the size of the whale they'd catch and of how they'd show Bergen that there were still men as tough as the old-time whalers.

Jan and I stood on the deck watching their figures dwindle into the lamplit town. The lights of the restaurant high up on Floien shone merrily. But I was thinking of the *Norskehavet*—the North Ocean—and how steep the seas could be nearly two hundred miles north of Bergen. To sail the *Skarv* up there was all very well. She was a tough boat, built of axe-hewn oak. But with a sixty- or seventy-ton whale on the harpoon line. . . . If we were lucky and harpooned a big one, then it would weigh just about as much as the ship.

Next morning we were just ready to cast off when a *drosje* swung on to the quay Solveig came across the cobbles and called to Jan. Her face was pale and lines of strain showed about her eyes.

"Well, Solveig," said Jan, scowling, "have you come down to wish us luck? I don't think your father would approve."

"How could you do such a stupid thing?" she said. Her voice was quiet and pent-up. "I've come down to stop this ridiculous wager."

His laugh was forced. "It's done now," he said. "The wager is made."

"You were drunk when you made it. Oh, why must you keep on trying to prove yourself? Erik's dead. Nothing can bring him back. Your pride is hurt by what people are saying. But Erik's dead. And whatever reckless thing you do now, it will never alter the fact that you deserted him."

"You believe that?" He was looking at her searchingly.

"Father told me what happened last night."

Suddenly Jan seized the girl by the shoulders. "Listen, Solveig. Look me in the face. Who is more important to you—me or your brother? If you say your brother, then that's the end. I'll call off this whale hunt and leave Bergen. Tell me the truth."

She looked down. "I—I don't know," she faltered.

He shook her. "You didn't love him when he was alive. You never got on with him. You thought him a weakling. You know you did. You saw through the popular, blustering shell. How do you think my catcher was piled up with the loss of all her crew save Erik and me? He hadn't the feel of the sea. It was he who ran us into that ice pack.

"I must make you understand. I won't tell your father. It would kill him. But you—you're different. You knew Erik. You knew that he did nothing during the war because he couldn't, because he hadn't the nerve. You saw through him then and you may as well know the whole rotten truth. You can stand it."

He paused. His face was very white. "Erik and I were washed up on to the pack ice. We salvaged food and fuel and clothes, and we started to trek out to where we knew we could signal to the other catchers. But food and fuel ran short during a blizzard and one night, when it cleared, Erik was gone with the sleigh we'd made and all the food and fuel. As God is my judge, that's the truth. He left me with nothing."

He stopped. He seemed exhausted. "All I have demanded in this wager is that your father allows you the freedom to choose whether you marry me or not."

He took her hand. "Goodbye, Solveig," he said gently. "We're leaving now."

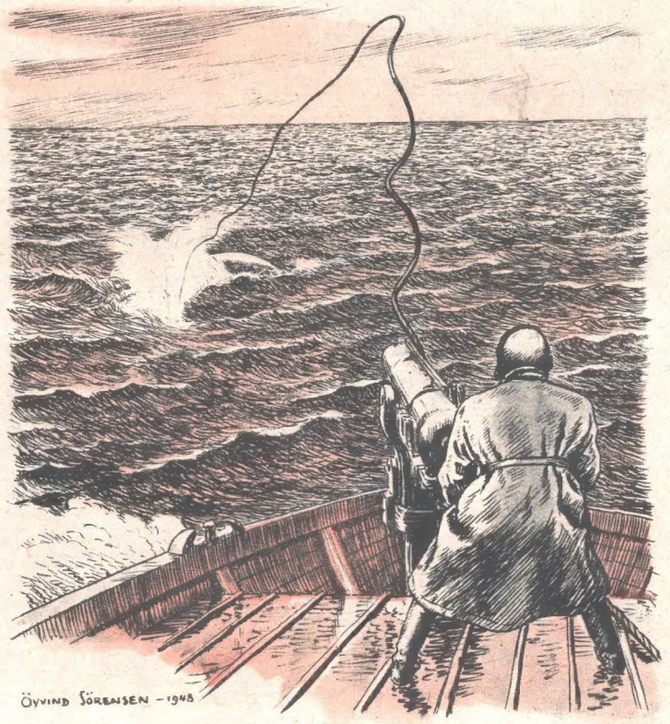
She said nothing as he turned away, but I saw tears in her eyes. Then she turned quickly and stopped as she saw me.

"Tell him—" she hesitated. "Tell him I shall be on board *Whale Two*."

She went back to the *drosje*, and as the car swung away from the quay Jan gave the order to cast off.

At dawn on the 25th we were at the rendezvous. The sea was flat and grey with a long swell running. Little rain squalls patched the dull surface.

Out of the mist to the south the slim bows of a catcher emerged, white bow wave creaming up on either side. She was making a good twelve knots towards us. As we rocked gently to the swell, the sound of her engine-room telegraph came to us faintly across the silent water.




**Jan fired, and I saw the line snake out after the harpoon**

She swung in a wide arc, and the water frothed at her stern as she came alongside. Beside the little *Skarv* she was immense —230 tons of power-driven steel.

Olaf Monsen stood on the bridge, his beard glistening in the damp of the morning and his peaked cap pulled down over his eyes. He stared steadfastly ahead, determined not to notice the little mink catcher bobbing up and down beside his ship. It was as though he felt the shame of competing against such a small boat.

Beside him was a slim, boyish figure dressed in a scarlet polo-necked sweater, her fair hair blowing about her face. It was Solveig.

Halvorsen, the judge, came down to the rail on the lower deck, a coin in his hand. Jan called and the little silver circle of metal spun in the air.

"You win, Natland," he said. "Do you choose to have the first day?"

"No," said Jan. "Let Captain Monsen have it."

As *Whale Two* swung away, the sun came out, showing the white paintwork and the battleship-grey hull of her. From the bridge to the gun platform, perched high in the bows, ran an iron catwalk, enabling the captain to get quickly to the gun. The captain is always the *skytter* or harpoonist.

As the catcher swung stern-on to us, I couldn't help comparing her heavy equipment with that of the *Skarv*. Our equipment was designed to deal with whales of from six to ten feet—the inshore mink whale—not for use against the seventy-foot monsters to be found in these waters.

Soon *Whale Two* was no more than a dot on the horizon. By noon the clouds had gathered and a light drizzle was falling. We lay still all day, rocking gently and waiting to see the size of Monsen's catch.

As dusk fell *Whale Two* returned. A whale was lashed to her side, the tail fins showing above the level of the foredeck. Jan gazed at it anxiously through the glasses. At last he passed them across to me. I could see the blown-up tongue of the whale floating like a pink balloon two-thirds of the way down the ship's side.

Halvorsen called over to us: "As near as we can judge, sixty-seven feet."

None of us on the *Skarv* slept soundly that night.

COMING on deck in the first grey morning light, I looked at the others. Their faces seemed pale and dirty. Their eyes avoided each other. We had breakfast and cleared the boat for action. Then, as the sun came up out of the east, showing the snow-covered crests of Norway's mountains as a jagged line along the horizon, Jan hailed *Whale Two*, informing Halvorsen that we were starting. The arrangement was for Monsen's catcher to keep in sight to pick up survivors should we get smashed by a whale.

Jan turned as he got the answering hail. "Now," he said, "we'll show Bergen that we can catch bigger stuff than mink." The men nodded and I saw the light of battle come into their eyes. They would be the talk of Bergen city. But there was no answering light in Jan's eyes. I think he wished he had never made the wager.

We started the engines and nosed ahead through the smooth water. The lookout climbed the ratlines to the barrel crow's nest. The sun came up in a clear sky. Behind us the slim, grey shape of *Whale Two* dogged our wake. I thought of Solveig up there on the bridge, watching our tiny boat searching ahead for a whale that was bigger than itself.

Within only a few minutes there came the cry of "*Go an!*" from the lookout. Then, with engines shaking the deck plankings under our feet, the chase was on. We were in luck. Judging by the spout it was a big one.

Twice we drove it down. Jan turned the *Skarv*, guessing at the position where the whale would come up to blow again. A whale can only stay under water for about ten minutes, and the chaser's skill lies in anticipating the point at which it will surface and driving it under so that it becomes blown.

Jan's guess was right. Next time the whale surfaced not fifty feet away. The *Skarv* turned and drove it under again. I saw the whole curved back of the whale, smooth and sleek like the steel hull of a ship. The water swirled and its great tail fin slapped the surface angrily as it drove under. It was a big one.

Three times we drove the monster under. Then Jan was down in the bows, the harpoon gun in his hand and the whale wallowing like a half-submerged submarine under the very bows of the *Skarv*.

He fired. In the shock of the explosion I saw the line snake out after the harpoon. The whale curved its back in a great arch as the harpoon tore into it. Then, with a thrash of its wide-finned tail, it tore

**Continued on page 21**

# FINAL EPITAPH...

. . . It was spoken by a Frenchman in a Normandy village and seemed, now, an apter inscription than the bare signpost to the German war cemetery

*by PETER SLEIGH*

FOR A FEW WEEKS, four years ago, these calm fields held the attention of the world. They lie now, empty, golden in the early autumnal afternoon. They have yielded their traditional harvest. They lie well tended, unblemished by the warfare which raged over them.

As I lingered there, I reflected that this was the only complete recovery from war. Nature takes a season or two where mankind—the broken skyline of Caen on my left—takes years.

Then I saw the acre of ground which is surely the most poignant memorial to recent history.

A weathered roadside sign bore the legend, *Banneville German Cemetery*, giving a military map reference. But for that notice it would have been impossible to tell that soldiers lay there in that rank wilderness contrasting so sadly with the spacious orderliness of the Normandy fields around.

### Crosses Hidden by Weeds

The plot is dominated by a plain white crucifix which is indeed visible from the road, but the neat rows of inscribed crosses are completely hidden by weed and thistle.

I pushed at the unwilling gate and stumbled over what was once a kind of courtyard paved with simple dignity. The paths between the rows were choked. Here and there one could see the names of S.S. men, infantry soldiers, and that token of rout which reads *Unknown German Soldier*.

Paint and woodwork are in good condition. It is but four years ago that these dead were given decent burial.

Does this give your conscience a twinge, as it did mine?

I suspect that many who pass that way and see the spick-and-span dignity of the British cemetery just up the road must feel that the dead, of whatever nation, should be accorded a better respect at the hands of Allies who fought for civilization.

There are, I believe, a number of reasons for this neglect.

The French nation not unnaturally is more concerned with the problems of wasted cities such as Caen than with a small waste plot such as this. There is still lack of manpower. First things must come first. If there is differentiation among the dead between victors and vanquished it is just too bad. The German nation is in no position to take care of such things itself.

### German Who Has Come Back

So there for the moment the matter rests—though there must be many Allied ex-Servicemen who would not have it so.

So it rests, but for one curious exception which I encountered as I peered about me among the thistles at Banneville. I had pushed my way through the undergrowth towards the foot of the crucifix when I realized that I was not alone.

The head and shoulders of a man appeared at the farther side of the cemetery. He had been working with a long-handled spade, and when he turned he seemed as startled to see me as I was to see him.

Approaching, I noticed that he had cleared and trimmed some half a dozen graves in a remote corner, but it seemed an impossible task for one man to tackle the whole. To further my curiosity, I began in French by saying that I was English.

Speaking in English, he replied, "And I am German."

Such was my introduction to Werner Sachs, formerly of the German Navy.

Four years ago, while I camped outside Caen at Creully, he was camping outside Caen at Blainville. He had put into Blainville to have repairs carried out to his coastal vessel, which was on the Channel Islands run. The job was finished on the morning of June 6; but that vessel never sailed. Werner Sachs saw parachutes descending at first light.

He stayed on in the Caen sector as a gunner while our orchard camps a few miles away filled up to bursting. Then he was posted away to St. Malo, where he was picked up by the Americans, unglamorously escaping in disguise with a crowd of French civilians.

He served a term as p.o.w. in this part of France, which he had come to know intimately and like well. Then they repatriated him to his native Hamburg, and for the first time in nearly ten years he was a free civilian. At the age of twenty-eight he was beginning life.

**Werner Sachs, German worker in Normandy, hated militarism. But the sight of neglected German war graves stirred his conscience**

Sachs knew three languages. He had travelled to many countries as a seaman. He knew enough of the world to realize all along that he was on the wrong side, living imprisoned in the German Myth. He had escaped from his ship when it was unloading arms, disguised as food, for Franco in 1938. He was picked up in Spain.

He had tried to escape from subsequent military service and had earned a spell in a Wehrmacht jail. He had fitted out and actually launched a small boat to sail from France to England in 1943 when he was betrayed. He swore that he was going fishing and got away with a caution.

And now?

Werner Sachs is back in Normandy as a free man.

In postwar Hamburg he began to long for the rough, individualistic hard-working way of life of the Norman French. "There is freedom here so long as you work. There is real peace here, now that it is all over."

He obtained a licence to work for a year as a free workman for an employer at Rouen. At the end ot that year he can choose to stay on.

### Happy for the First Time

His is a curious trade. His employer is a contractor who undertakes the upkeep of the trees lining the main roads—those wind- and sun-breaks which are so characteristic of the French *routes nationales*. Werner Sachs earns a fixed wage of 3,000 francs (about £3 10s.) a week tending the young trees which have been planted since the war between Rouen and Caen.

He does eighty trees a day. It is hard work. He only gets back to the single room in Rouen, which is his treasured possession, at weekends.

Ever since he came across the cemetery at Banneville soon after he took the job, Werner Sachs has hurried thither when his day's task is completed. "Only on one or two evenings in any week am I near enough to work here, but I do what I can."

He knows nobody who is buried there. He hated the S.S. He tried to evade the whole military system. For the first time in his life he is happy—as a French workman. Yet his conscience will not let him pass that plot without doing something to achieve a measure of respect for his country's dead.

### As One Man to Another

It might have seemed easier, you might think, for him to forget all about being a German now that he has found some content. But in the evening, when I saw him mixing with the local Norman peasantry in the inn in a nearby village, I could tell at once that no such subterfuge is necessary.

We had been talking for more than an hour at the long table where men delight to discuss the affairs of the world with strangers.

We had discussed the war openly and objectively. We had puzzled each other with theories about the Russians. We had enjoyed much good humour—a dozen of us—when I learned that three of the company were Germans and two were Poles.

"Do the French," I asked, taking the landlord aside, "ever resent foreigners living in their midst like this?"

"*Tout ça est fini.*" *He laughed.* "*So long as a man is decent and works. . . . We are all victims of war, in a sense.*" *He looked at Werner Sachs as he spoke.*

And I thought that that is the kind of motto which should replace, say, the map reference upon the notice board marking the cemetery at Banneville—if somebody has the conscience to help Werner Sachs clear it up.

# The village plans its goals

*by JOHN PUDNEY*

**Big crowds don't roar for them; high finance isn't involved. Yet the strategists of village soccer leave nothing to chance**

**"The authentic voice of rural England": beer on table, the football committee deliberates in homely kitchen**

LOOKING ROUND THE COMPANY in the low-ceilinged kitchen, I recognize the authentic voice of rural England. Here is the rich, vigorous speech of the contemporary countryman.

It comes from half a dozen mouths tonight while the tobacco haze creeps lazily into the crannies of the timbered ceiling. The committee of our football club is contriving the destiny of our new season.

Emphatic, cogent, persuasive, flippant by turns—you might well wonder whether they will ever field a side, let alone win a game.

Upon occasions like this, they are determined pessimists. Bred to a round of work and play which is a perpetual challenge to the climate, these yeomen of England have a realistic approach to the many problems of running a side which might easily be mistaken for the deepest gloom.

If you are patient, nevertheless, you will be rewarded with one of those rare moments of unanimity.

In the face of any event which seems to threaten the honour, integrity or success of our village football, they close their ranks. They condemn the tactics of the Busted team, for example, with dreadful harmony. They dismiss the irresponsible ethics of the cricket club, over the sharing of the pavilion, with grim accord.

They are united in general endeavour. They fall out, with robust acrimony, about ways and means.

### Cross-section of Community

These gentlemen of the committee who meet thus in the kitchen of the "Rose and Crown" are true representatives of village life. The quorum includes a baker, a bricklayer, a painter, an electrician, a cobbler, a master builder and an unemployed man. They realize the weight of their responsibilities.

In the two front bars of the "Rose and Crown," outside in the houses round the village green, and in the cottages scattered across the mallow fields, the young men who are our champions, and the older people who are our supporters, eagerly await the new season which is being shaped beneath the smoke haze.

Throughout the length and breadth of Britain, there are similar meetings and similar village clubs, full of high hope and high words, as autumn approaches. Most of these clubs are affiliated by way of their county football associations to the Football Association of Great Britain.

Our club pays a fee of 7s. 6d. a season to the Football Association and is bound by laws which govern club football throughout the country. Under these laws, it may not, for instance, indulge in football on Sundays. It has to send in result cards after each match; and, if it fails, it is fined.

### Code the World Accepts

It must register its playing colours. It must abide by the timetable fixed for the kick-off, varying, according to light, between 2.30 p.m. and 3.30 p.m. Our village has gone into battle under a code accepted by teams throughout the world who belong to the International Football Association.

Though our sense of anticipation be great and our courage large, we are not numerous. Our finances run on a modest scale; and it is only the goodwill of non-playing supporters that enables our young men, week after week, to take the field.

The players themselves number about thirty. They pay five shillings subscription for the season.

Rather more than half of them are ex-Servicemen. The rest are mostly youngsters. The modest subscription is not by any means their only outlay. They must provide themselves with socks, shirts and boots. This is not a matter only of cash. It calls for eight clothing coupons for the love of the game.

But such is the team spirit of our village that club supporters rally round and provide some of the cash and coupons.

The supporters appear on the balance sheets as honorary members. Last season they were worth £32 5s. 6d. in cash. From spectators who came to the touchline and responded to the rattle of the collection boxes, the club drew £36 7s. 11d.

The prodigious appetite of the English countryside for a "flutter" is demonstrated by the sum of £145 5s. 11d. credited to club funds from the sale of football cards and draw books. Even though the village butcher won the fat goose in the Christmas draw, there is never any slackening of appetite among us for these hopeful gambles in birds, bottles and the luxuries badgered mysteriously out of an austere world.

Our club was resurrected at the end of the war by the men who came back to the village from the ends of the earth. Volunteers scythed, rolled and marked out the pitch. Cash in hand was nil. The initial campaign, directed from the kitchen of the "Rose and Crown," and waged from door to door throughout the community, enabled a single team to be fielded in the first year.

This season the club opens with £63 in hand, two teams in the field, and the laudable ambition to found a third team for youngsters under eighteen—if only we can find the boots.

Where does the money go? The biggest item—and this applies particularly to remoter places—is transport. Our committee, making the best bargain its native shrewdness can strike, has contracted for a truck at a cost of £2 a week per team, flat rate, whether the journey be far or near.

### If a Player Gets Hurt

Our players are working men who cannot be expected to take risks with their bodies which would lose them employment, so the club insures for injuries on the field. The premium is £4 10s. per team. The benefit in case of injury is £1 a week, not to be paid, however, during the first week of injury.

Last season £3 in insurance money came back to three players. Their loss was mitigated by £1 each, but I happen to know that each of the young men suffered quite substantially for his football enthusiasm.

Two other debit items are worth mentioning. The sum of £12 11s. 6d. was paid in referees' fees last season; and our annual dinner came to £12 3s. 6d.

This last item might seem a wild extravagance for a small, struggling concern like our football club. But the thought of it still brings me to a pleasant reminiscent glow and I am convinced that the cost was justified because "such a good time was had by all." The propaganda value of this event is great. It is an annual rally which unites the stout hearts of those who take the field with the critical enthusiasm of those whom we call vaguely "supporters."

### Enter the Womenfolk

The concert which follows our dinner goes much further. It brings in the mothers, wives and sweethearts who have given their coupons. It enlists the youth of the place. It focuses the pride which the whole community begins to feel in the tense muddy battles waged in all weathers.

It re-dedicates, I like to think, that not altogether level strip of English grass where once Jack Cade skirmished with the king's men, whence Parliamentarians once chased Cavaliers, past which, I have no doubt, went that jolly, uninhibited poet Chaucer when he followed the Pilgrims Way through our midst.

The committee, to which I have been so inattentive, now breaks up, each individual carrying an empty pot. They file through the back of the bar, reticent towards questioners, but wearing that air of confidence which at this stage we all feel in the new season.

Let us make the best of that confidence while it lasts. The results of our contests do not go down to posterity upon the neat balance sheets from which I have been quoting.

We drink with solemnity to our success this winter. In doing so, we overlook, in our necessary bravado, the fact that we lost exactly three-quarters of our matches last season. A deep country realism, as British as the weather, persuades us that we could hardly do worse.

# YOUNG DEWEY—RACKET

**by Edmu**

**The odds are Thomas Dewey will become United States President in November. Many picture him as a small, colourless man—efficient but cold. Yet in the New York of the Bold, Bad Thirties, Thomas Dewey was a hero. Hollywood could not improve on the stories of his fantastic tussle with vice and crime. To realize how a middle-aged administrator has reached the gates of the White House, you have to know about that younger Thomas Dewey, racket-buster**

NEW YORK.

SOME SAY THAT Thomas Edmund Dewey today is a different man from the cocky crime buster who burst into the American limelight in the middle thirties. Some say that Dewey, 1948 Republican Presidential nominee, has gained tact, patience and experience in the intervening years.

Others say he is still as vindictive, proud and opportunistic as the gaudy era which made him—the era of prohibition, when America was ruled by Vice Lords and Beer Barons.

At the age of thirty-two Dewey was the scourge of the underworld. Today, at the age of forty-six, on the strength of that memorable record, he hopes to be moving into the White House in November. He has a better than even chance. Though nobody seems to love him very much.

Apparently the closer one gets to Dewey the colder one feels. Many current stories bear this out.

Just before the Republican convention an old Republican dowager, theoretically a staunch Deweyite, looked around to see that no Democratic spies were in hearing, then observed acidly: "You really have to know Tom Dewey very well in order to dislike him."

"You know," replied her confidante, equally well-attached to the Dewey bandwagon, "Tom is the only man I have ever met who can strut sitting down."

How, then, has he got where he is—or where he is likely to be? The reason is embedded in the thirties.

### New York and the Gangs

New York was bursting with crime and graft. Although he didn't come right out with it, the average citizen was really crying for someone to check it. Even those not suffering personally from gang wars and intimidation were morally disturbed by the wholesale degradation: they hated to see their town slip to the dismal level of Chicago.

Almost as hated as the racketeers were the police and the men whom voters naïvely put into office. The politicians and the law either actively co-operated with the villains or timidly looked the other way.

Dewey was at this time a politically ambitious but still struggling young lawyer in the U.S. District Attorney's office in the Southern District of New York. Like all young Americans with a political goal, he devoted his spare time to ringing door bells and doing small favours for the electorate in return for its support when election day came along.

It was humble, uninspiring and dull, and Dewey realized he was going nowhere fast. No doubt he lay awake at night wondering about a short cut—something to speed up the process of his political success within the Republican Party.

For the smart Alecks, prohibition provided an easy way of getting ahead. But in Dewey, as in every decent-minded citizen, the daily newspaper accounts of new rackets, new outrages, aroused fury and indignation. Dewey, being far more ambitious, and indeed more capable, than the average citizen, began to wonder if he couldn't get Al Capone's name out of the papers, and his in.

In 1932 he embarked on a programme which he hoped would eventually achieve this. In his boss's absence he filed litigation against three underworld middleweights, Legs Diamond, Waxy Gordon and a character with the idyllic name of James J. Cupid McCormick, who practised extortion in the city's marriage licence bureau.

Dewey was successful. He brought charges against these racketeers not for their overt wicked acts, but for failure to pay income tax on their illicit gains.

But the taste of victory was only half sweet. People read about Legs Diamond and Waxy Gordon and gave a little shudder of excitement. Dewey's name was mentioned, but only at the foot of the column.

This, he decided, was only the beginning. His real chance came on July 5, 1935. A grand jury investigation had broken down and the governor of the state, Lehman, wished to appoint a special prosecutor of rackets and vice in New York City. He wanted someone to do honest work at a fairly low salary.

Lehman offered the job to four Republicans in a row. All four turned it down. When the position was offered to Dewey he took it like a shot. With more foresight than his colleagues, he knew that deep down the public craved for honesty.

### Lawyers Were Bribed

True, the hard sophistication of the twenties still lingered, and few would openly claim desire for such a humdrum virtue as honesty. But times were changing. Dewey, who had never had a racket, decided to have one—honesty. From his experience of prosecuting Waxy Gordon and Legs Diamond, he had learned that practically any lawyer on his toes could get a conviction. The reason why mobsters still were at large was that most lawyers preferred to take bribes.

As special prosecutor of rackets and vice, Dewey made his headquarters in the imposing Woolworth skyscraper. He hired a twenty-four-hour police guard, installed secret entrances and an untapped cable connected directly to the main office of the telephone building.

His first official act was to announce through the Press that he would welcome information on rackets from the public, promising complete police protection. For a man who wanted to be enshrined in the hearts of the common people, this act came close to genius. It was as if Eisenhower had asked for advice before winding up his plans for the invasion.

The letters poured in. Ordinary citizens fell over themselves to be of service in Dewey's dramatic work. Hundreds whispered suspicions and suggestions to the prosecutor's overworked staff.

What good this achieved, except indoctrinating the people with a sense of taking part in a motion picture with the dashing young attorney as star, is doubtful. In fact, Dewey's first victim was a sixteen-year-old boy caught throwing stones at a factory window.

But when Dewey had cleared the visitors from his office and waiting-room and decided to get going in earnest, larger fish fell in his net.

### "Murder, Incorporated"

There was Lucky Luciano, the alleged chief of commercial prostitution; Jimmy Hines, the Tammany Hall politician who "fixed" for gamblers; "Buggsy" Siegel, the racketeer who was shot only a few months ago in Hollywood by an embittered ex-consort; and Vito Genovese, a thug who lived in a concrete fortress guarded by machine guns.

There was also Louis Lepke, the administrator of the picturesque firm, "Murder, Incorporated," but the F.B.I. got to him first, an act for which Dewey has never forgiven J. Edgar Hoover.

Dewey became a national hero. His following was little short of idolatrous. The public had suffered from such outlaws as the Shelton Gang, whose equipment included five armoured cars, a tank and an aeroplane. This was used to bomb a rival's hideout in the woods. Suddenly, here was a man, a white knight, who would defy these madmen through legal channels and without the backing of the U.S. Marines.

Ruthless, opportunistic, Dewey fought frantically not to lose his grip on the shooting star he had powered.

With jutting jaw, high cheekbones and a supernatural instinct for publicity, Dewey saw his name beside Lindbergh's and Sergeant York's, the current focal points for American hero-worship. Al Capone was by this time out of the running.

Dewey had a radio programme every Sunday night. He spoke to his electrified audience like this:

"Tonight I am going to talk about the alliance between crime and politics in the county of New York. I am going to tell you about a political ally of thieves, pickpockets, thugs, dope peddlers and big-shot racketeers: Albert Marinelli, county clerk of New York, powerful leader of half of the Second Assembly District. He attained power by staying in the dark. Tonight we turn on the spotlight."

It isn't surprising to learn that at that time Dewey topped every murder programme on the air in popularity.

One radio chain offered him $5,000 a week for fifty weeks. There were offers from the movies.

Dewey didn't accept any of them. He was aiming for higher things, and wisely didn't run the risk of spoiling his chances by vulgarization.

However, Dewey could outdo Sax Rohmer when he felt like it. In one

**The boys let him down: straw-hatted Jimmy Hines, gambling racketeer, with his three tough sons. Melodramatic Dewey scoured underworld for evidence**

**Girls let him down: Lucky Luciano, vice boss. Dewey looked after girls**

# -BUSTER

## d Antrobus

**Dewey: "Tactful, patient, experienced"? or "vindictive, proud, opportunist"?**

Sunday broadcast, speaking of a king of vice or lord of something or other in the underworld, he lowered his voice to an eerie whisper to reveal, "He has a Japanese butler—who—serves—him—well."

To intensify the legendary quality of the Dewey fight against organized evil, the gangsters obligingly bore such Bunyanesque names as Spasm Ison, Cokey Flo Brown, Gurrah, Legs, Dixie, Stone-faced Peggy, Jenny-the-Factory, Gashouse Lil, Six-bits, Abadaba, Liver-Lip, Blue-jaw Magoon. From the beginning of his political career Dewey tussled with this maniacal society and made capital from it.

### Most Sensational Exploit

Possibly Dewey's most sensational exploit was his trial of Lucky Luciano. Looking back on it today, the episode is like a wild comic dream. If Dewey's victims got away with murder, so did Dewey—figuratively.

His rough, high-handed methods of getting a sure conviction often violated civil rights. The cry of "emergency" and the obvious necessity of getting something done—which he put over so magnificently — quietened protest from the sober authority of the Supreme Court.

Lucky Luciano was a Sicilian who allegedly ran commercialized prostitution in New York—going about his work with the casual ease of a Sunday gardener setting out a cabbage patch.

It all happened quite suddenly. Lucky woke up one morning to find he had been crowned "King of Vice." In court he protested that for the past five years he had been doing nothing more harmful than making a book at the Saratoga race-track.

Dewey gave one of his ironic chuckles and told the court, in effect, there wasn't a sporting girl in New York who didn't shiver in her shimmy at the mere mention of his name.

Then Dewey proceeded to prove this thesis.

### Cokey Brown, Gashouse Lil . . .

Into the court paraded a variety of questionable young ladies. They bowed to Dewey and proceeded to give evidence.

They were, in short, Lucky's recent employees: Cokey Flo Brown, Gashouse Lil, Stone-faced Peggy, Jenny-the-Factory among them. The story wrote itself in the newspapers.

At the time it seemed fantastic that Dewey could have won them to his side so easily. Had vice suddenly succumbed to the purity which shone so radiantly from the prosecuting attorney?

Not at all. Dewey had taken over the "protection" of the witnesses. He had instructed his office to rent apartments for the girls, assigned young men on his staff to take them shopping, to the theatre, to cocktails.

The courtesy extended by the prosecution was endless. One young lawyer squiring a witness at a night club was seen by one of Lucky Luciano's men throwing himself too enthusiastically into the spirit of the thing. Next day Lucky insisted on entering the episode into the court records. The judge allowed it, and it almost ruined Dewey's brief.

When the trial was over and Lucky was salted away for twenty-five years in Sing Sing, Dewey, exceedingly grateful for what the girls had done, attempted to reward them with rehabilitation.

Several were set up in apartments in such morally uplifting suburbs as New Rochelle. Others were sent on world cruises with orders to stop off in England and France to pick up culture. For one girl Dewey acted as literary agent, securing a contract for her life story from *Liberty Magazine*.

She got fifty dollars a week for ten weeks while the reporter interviewed her, and a five hundred dollar bonus when the story was finally published. With this windfall she bought a car, teamed up with another of Dewey's friendly young witnesses and set out for California. In the Golden State the girls invested in a gas station, which they giddily christened "The Rooster."

### Letters for "Uncle Dee"

Time passed. It was reasonable to believe that these witnesses, distributed throughout the world, could be written off. True, "Uncle Dee," as one affectionately called him (no one went so far as to call him "Daddy"), got a lot of letters, but they never failed to thank him for their new start in life.

Then, one day, the girls started to arrive back in New York. Most of them were penniless; business had failed or they were plain bored. Dewey made several futile attempts to provide an income for the girls, but nobody really wanted them any more. They were yesterday's news. Dewey said, in effect, "to hell with it—they're on their own now."

Before he could say knife the girls had ganged up on him. Cokey Flo Brown, Mildred Harris Balitzer and Nancy Presser filed affidavits saying that there hadn't been a word of truth in their previous testimony. Luciano, the jailed vice lord, filed a motion for a new trial.

### When the Girls Came Back

The girls claimed they had made up all the spiteful things about Lucky. One said she had never set eyes on him in her life. Another declared, "Why, I sat around drinking liquor all day while lawyers kept yelling 'We got to get Lucky.'"

The motion for the new trial was denied, but the spectacle of Dewey, pin-striped conservative family man, suddenly victimized by prostitutes was a sight for the gods.

But the case ended happily—if that's a suitable word. Dewey ran for the District Attorney of New York and won by an overwhelming vote. Commercialized prostitution was, in fact, wiped out in the city and to date hasn't reappeared.

Luciano, whose sentence was suspended, was deported to Italy where, it is reported, he is running a motion picture studio, or has invested in one.

The only sad note was that some of the girls who had aided, then sabotaged, the case went back to their old way of living.

Samuel Marcus, counsel for the Society of Prevention of Crime, managed to dig up Stone-faced Peggy. With six assistants she had established herself in a lush penthouse apartment on West End Avenue; from here she sent out cards to her old clientele announcing the arrival of "The latest fall neckwear."

Marcus reported that part of the enterprise was financed by the money she had earned as Dewey's witness. However, an author named Rupert Hughes, who wrote a glowing biography of Dewey, cast a less pessimistic view on the situation, stating that one of the girls "had become a blooming bride after a year of hard work and clean living."

Nothing Dewey handled after the Luciano affair, with its glittering parade of saucy Flos and Gashouse Lils, provided the same pyrotechnics, though the prosecutor enlivened the comparatively humdrum field of gambling when he moved on to that.

Organized betting is illegal in America, except on horses and dogs. Even then one is not allowed to place bets off the field, and dog racing is illegal in certain states.

Lotteries, except for the benefit of charity, are also taboo. The anti-gambling laws are ironclad. To break them there has to be good teamwork between the gamblers and the police.

### War Against Gambling

In 1937 a Tammany Hall politician named Jimmy Hines was up to his ears in this kind of teamwork, making thousands in graft by providing gamblers with protection.

Dewey moved in on him with a vengeance. His performance was tops. He would limp into the courtroom looking wild-eyed and haggard, as if he had spent the previous night with the cops touring the underworld for the day's damning evidence.

He spoke of bodies done up in concrete and dropped into the East River, and produced a fabulous cast of characters, including the beautiful Hope Dare and Dixie Davis and a mystery man named Abadaba who could do quadratic equations in his head.

But here again Dewey's court procedure was dubious.

Jimmy Hines might not have gone to jail if it hadn't been for testimony from his henchmen who received rare favours from the Dewey staff. Even then Dewey had to do the job twice. The judge tossed his first case out of court for lack of evidence.

This time the witnesses weren't floozies. To prosecute Hines, Dewey had to coddle great hulking bruisers. He put so much trust in George Weinberg and Harry Schoenhaus that he permitted them to leave jail during the oppressive summer heat and board at a fashionable country club on cool Long Island.

But, like Cokey Flo Brown, Weinberg violated the faith Dewey invested in him. He shot himself with a cop's gun. This ruled him out as an important witness and also gave the country club a bad reputation for the rest of the summer season.

With Harry Schoenhaus, Dewey had better luck. Schoenhaus went on in his own calm way, ignored Weinberg, occupied his time at Long Island by learning to play badminton and was on hand when Dewey wanted him to testify.

### The Way Ahead

The case ended happily, except for Weinberg who was dead. Hines got from four to eight years. Schoenhaus got a suspended sentence. And Hope Dare and Dixie Davis, two distinguished underworld witnesses, netted $6,300 apiece for their memoirs printed in *Collier's*.

And Dewey? The ending was more than happy for him. Defeating a Democrat named Bennet, he became Governor of New York. A stage had been reached. But there was no resting on his laurels, no time for relaxation. The bigger goal lay ahead.

***NEXT WEEK: What will Dewey be like as President?***

# FREE SPEECH

***Happy marriages need houses, says a husband. A wife wants to know what progress she's made on council housing list***

AS A RESULT OF THE Lambeth Conference, the Bishops ask us to "stay married," even if unhappy, for the sake of the children.

That's fine—but their message would have been more to the point if they had also urged councils to provide houses quickly for each family.

I have been waiting three years for a home and am forced to live apart from my wife and two children, whom I only see twice a year. It is cases like this that lead to the divorce court, and which the bishops should have taken into consideration.—G. ATKINS, 150 Rutland Avenue, High Wycombe, Bucks.

### They're On the List

JUST BEFORE OUR MARRIAGE two years ago, my husband and I registered our names on the local housing list. We were given a card numbered 10512 for renewal every six months.

Soon afterwards we informed the housing manager of our marriage, and on our third renewal we notified him of the arrival of our son.

After the fourth time, we asked how long it would be before we could expect accommodation, and were told that when our application "reached its correct category" notification would be sent.

Today, as far as we know, our number is still 10512. Shouldn't these numbers be adjusted at each renewal so that the applicant is given some idea of progress? It is demoralizing to attend each time and find the position apparently exactly the same as it was six months before.—MRS. L. M. WILSON, 18 Lynette Avenue, Clapham, London, S.W.4.

### The Nurse of Seventy-six

AT SEVENTY-SIX, I have just enjoyed my first holiday without a patient to look after. I am a retired nurse, and I have every sympathy with the nurses who have been claiming better pay and conditions.

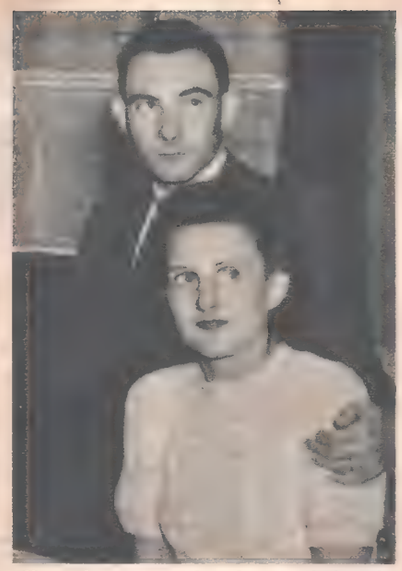
As a young probationer, I received no salary and only one and a half hours off a week. Since then, I have been matron, district nurse and a private nurse. Ten years ago, crippled with rheumatism, I applied to the nursing authorities for assistance. But I didn't get it—and had to accept 17s. 6d. a week parish relief.

It was a bitter blow after a lifetime of nursing. Busy with other people, I rarely had time to attend to my own affairs, and I was nearly seventy-one before I received a pension.

Today, I am existing on this 26s. weekly pension. But it's been a good life, and I've loved nursing.—MISS M. T., Glos. (Full name and address enclosed.)

### Hausfrau Isn't Like That . . .

AFTER READING Janet Grey's article, "The Hausfrau is a Problem Woman" (JOHN BULL, August 14), I must refute some of her astounding statements. Two



**"No one knows more about housecraft than the German hausfrau": William Cowling and wife**

years spent in the British Zone of Germany, and a German wife, do, I believe, give me some knowledge of the situation. To say that German women did not enter factories and the armed services just isn't true. They did—and many are still in factories.

The thought of Control Commission wives helping by "organizing German women into sewing circles" is just too comical! No one knows more about housecraft, mending, re-mending, eking out rations than the average German hausfrau.

I suggest a true picture of the hausfrau can't be gained after a short, know-all visit to the British Zone.—WILLIAM COWLING, Buckingham House, Higher Terrace, Torquay, Devon.

### . . . She Doesn't Gossip

GERMAN WOMEN would never believe that British husbands help in the home, or that it is often the husband who is pushing the pram while the wife walks behind, gossiping and smoking.

There are no "henpecked" husbands in Germany, and German women do not need "educating." They know their responsibility lies in the home. Does anyone other than Janet Grey think this is "backwardness"? — RICHARD BUSSE, D.O.A.S. Hostel 85, Carronbridge, Dumfriesshire.

### No Need to Queue

MRS. D. SURRIDGE HAS found out that it's possible to shop without queueing and still get what she wants (JOHN BULL, August 21). I found this out long ago, and have never joined even the smallest queue. I do my shopping after lunch, and find shopkeepers more inclined to give service.

Though I may not get bananas very often, I always get the essentials. Women who queue like sheep outside the fishmonger's or butcher's make me sick. I have no behind-the-counter friends, but I have always found that taking things as they come without rushing is the best policy.—MRS. MCGINN, 12 Blessington Road, Lewisham, London, S.E.13.

### Subsidized Radio: Tommy-rot . . .

GEOFFREY BOCCA'S article, "What's American Radio Got That We Haven't?" (JOHN BULL, August 14), made me appreciate the B.B.C.

While we sometimes grumble at the programmes, we should be thankful that our £1 brings them to us advertisement free. One can only feel disgust at the American radio with its subsidized tommy-rot. — W. F. CROSSLAND, 65 Argyle Road, Meersbrook, Sheffield, 8.

### . . . Rich Variety

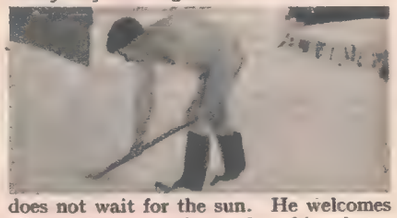
I WONDER WHY you Britons have not demanded commercial broadcasting. Besides the two official Australian Broadcasting Corporation stations in New South Wales, we have six city stations and thirty-seven country stations—in one state alone.

The rich variety of entertainment more than compensates for advertising on the air.—MRS. J. CHADWICK, 32 Denman Avenue, New South Wales, Australia.

### Nudism: Grand in the Snow . . .

JOHN MAY'S "Report on Nudism" (JOHN BULL, August 14) is the best article on nudity I have seen so far in a non-nudist magazine. But I was baffled by his contention that one could not have an active life as a nudist.

I advise him to try nudism on a clear, frosty day. It's grand. A true naturist



does not wait for the sun. He welcomes all weathers, as shown by this photograph of myself taken in the snow at a nudist camp.—F. H. NORGATE, Newton Valence, Alton, Hants.

### . . . Try Frying Sausages

IF NUDISTS are so certain that nudism is natural, let them do ordinary tasks without clothes. They might start with frying sausages and see how they like it. —J. HUMPHREYS, 28 Weston Street, Birmingham, 7.

### . . . Red Rag to a Bull

THERE IS NO MORE HARM in people being naked than there is in waving a red rag in front of a bull; but while bull nature and human nature are what they are, it is not wise to do either.—ELSPETH STEWART, 53 Corse Hill Road, London, S.W.16.

**Because of space shortage only a limited selection of readers' letters can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean that they have been overlooked by the Editor. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry the full name and address of the sender, preferably for publication.**

# Children at the Seaside

## *—by a Landlady*

*Miss P. M. Cable*

AS PART OWNER of a seaside guest house, I cannot allow Leslie Brewer's article, "Sorry, We Don't Take Children" (JOHN BULL, July 31) to go unanswered. I am sure there are many small establishments like our own, where children are welcomed and parents helped.

Children are easily put off by large plates of food, so we decided that small, attractive portions should be given, with second helpings if wanted. Parents took immediate offence and promptly piled the kiddies' plates with food that was, in most cases, mashed into a pulp and left.

Another idea of ours, too—that small children could be given breakfast and lunch a little earlier—was not altogether successful. Seven out of ten mothers accepted; the rest flatly refused.

A three-course evening meal is unsuitable for children—and when we suggested a light supper an hour earlier to enable mothers to get them to bed at their usual hour, most parents regarded it as a trick to rob them of a good meal and insisted that the children had the same supper as adults.

We decided also that mothers should be given facilities to do any washing for their babies—and had to endure a constant stream of complaints from other guests that all the hot water was gone.

★

One woman brought the previous week's washing to do at our expense; she did her washing every day of the three weeks she was with us—not only the children's but her own and her husband's dirty clothes—and took every article home clean.

After doing everything we could to help, what has been the outcome?

What of the children who, three hours after arriving, kicked two large holes in the bedroom wall, tore two bedspreads and broke three tumblers?

What of the six-year-old whose mother (to help us) made his bed every day—so that we only discovered after their departure that he had wetted the bed every night and ruined the mattress?

What of the nine-year-old who, under the adoring eyes of his mother, picked the braid off one of the lounge easy-chairs? And the youngster who, after being told he could not go into the kitchen garden, went straight there and pulled up the tomato plants while his amused parents watched?

Yes, we still welcome children—but mothers should realize that by taking accommodation in a house they have not bought the entire place. — MISS P. MILTON CABLE, 109 Beach Avenue, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.

## OH, JOHNNY!

**by TIM**

# I WAS A CIVIL SERVICE COMMUNIST:

*A young woman, Miss X, continues the account of her own experiences as a former member of a Communist underground group in this country*

King Street H.Q. of Communist Party. Only back-room boys came into direct contact with underground group

# WE MEET THE "CHIEF"

I attend a course . . . A close shave with M.I.5. . . . The nameless "Chief" keeps track of our personal lives

GREAT RESPONSIBILITY rested on the six key members of our underground group for its smooth running and the Marxist indoctrination of us newcomers.

Occasionally, when headquarters felt that the Party was getting rusty, all No. 6s (those in charge of "education") throughout the Civil Service would be called in batches to a meeting on Marxist theory. Or No. 2s (recruitment and personnel) would be called to inaugurate a recruiting drive. Switches in Party policy came down via No. 1s (group leaders) at similar get-togethers.

The Party always had some bee in its bonnet—according to the feeling of its leaders, I suppose. One time it was discipline. Another time we heard nothing but the word "cadres" for months.

The brightest members of each group were picked out to go to special "cadres" courses. The one I attended was a gruelling affair, packed into a weekend. We heard lectures from the brains of the Party. Their names were not announced.

They were not the public figures—Pollitt, Rust, Haldane. Probably they were the back-room boys of King Street. They were certainly well trained. Soon we knew all the answers to "What is Dialectical Materialism: how does it help us in our political tasks?"

### Backbone of Party

Cadres, we were told, were the backbone of the new Party that must be built up. Specially picked, trained members who could give leadership to the others and successfully put over the Party Line.

The aim was not to recruit indiscriminately to a mass Party, but to create a nuclear force capable of leading the revolutionary working class.

"We do not achieve Socialism by building a mass Party," one lecturer said, "but *when we seize power.*"

"You should apply your Communist dialectics in your work," another told us. "When you are recruiting members don't regard them as persons, but as individuals against certain backgrounds of job, family, social position and constantly torn by certain conflicts."

Further intensive lectures covered the detailed history of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. Altogether, it was no joke, that weekend.

In spite of our security precautions in the groups we occasionally made blunders. Once we recruited an outsider in our zeal. The member detailed to work on him reported him as fit, and, our group leader being away at the time, the less experienced comrades rashly invited him to the next group meeting. Luckily we did not give away too much.

But our group was soon on the carpet. The group leader from another Government department came over to us. (It was evidently so serious a matter that he had to break the iron rule and reveal himself to another group.) He blistered us badly for having let in an *agent provocateur* who might have learned the Party secrets.

We had to go to immense lengths to convince the interloper that we were not a *party* of any sort—merely a group of friends who occasionally met for Left Wing discussion. We even held one or two mock "discussions" afterwards specially for him, to put him off the scent. Fortunately, he left the Ministry.

But it was a close thing, and many of us were on tenterhooks for weeks in case we had got on to M.I.5's list. We never used that meeting place again.

We *did* have members who got picked up by M.I.5. If this happened you were dropped. Completely, dramatically, absolutely. All contact between you and the group members was cut off; it was as if you no longer existed. And "hot" people were never taken back.

I would still like to know just how the news was obtained that so-and-so was on M.I.5's list. Was there—is there—a "cell" inside M.I.5 itself?

Once in a while our group would receive a visit from the "Chief." He was, we believed, a high official in the Party and responsible to it for Communist activities in the Civil Service.

His identity was kept scrupulously concealed; none of us knew it—not even the group leaders. No. 3s in each group would notify time and place of our meetings to a central contact man for a group of departments, and he must have passed this up.

### "Get Unions' Support"

Anyway, the "Chief" would sometimes be waiting at the flat or in the café where the meeting was to be. He would fire off a brisk pep talk, inspiring us to greater efforts in recruiting and gaining the mass backing of the unions for the Party Line of the moment.

Sometimes he would lash out with criticisms of our failure to achieve some objective, or of an individual member who had gone astray.

He always knew what we'd been up to. Often he'd come out with some observation that showed he followed our doings closely. Somehow he knew what we had said in trade union committee meetings, at which he certainly wasn't present himself.

And private lives were an open book to him. Amorous intrigues sometimes got mixed up with political intrigues; quick changes of tactics sometimes made it difficult for us to keep up with who was getting around with who. But he always knew.

He wasn't particularly clever; too often his personal likes and dislikes interfered with his work. Emotionally unstable, his outside training in factories and workshops made him unfitted to deal with the more level-headed civil servant types. We were not fanatics, but he wanted us to be.

His doctrine, that all who are not for us are against us, offended our Civil Service ideas of compromise. Yet we, better educated, most of us more intelligent, allowed ourselves to be dictated to by this man.

We all had brains, pretty good brains, some of us. The fact was that we had allowed these to be warped. Consider our lives. Up early to digest the *Daily Worker* before work. A Party pamphlet to swallow with lunch. A meeting in the evening; any spare time spent on trade union work. The same dose day after day.

No wonder we never saw the other side of any question! And anyway the *Worker* told us that the other side was all lies and distortion. In retrospect I think of my ex-colleagues of the Communist Party as (under a thin crust of unscrupulous powermongers) genuine idealists suffering from acute mental indigestion—disciples who have taken the wind of heaven down the wrong way.

The set-up is fantastic and almost incredible. Here are ordinary workers and clerks innocently talking politics to a colleague known perhaps to be a bit Red. How amazed they would be if they knew that their every opinion and statement was being carefully noted to take back to a Communist group meeting, when it would be talked over and a report made that "Robinson is definitely moving towards a more sympathetic attitude. Shows slight tendency to Trotskyism."

I have no doubt that reports of this sort and those on the members of the groups, made by the No. 1s, are all ultimately recorded in elaborate dossiers in Moscow. Exaggeration? Don't believe it. I was a Communist and I know. Read the Canadian official reports. The actual cables to the "Director" in Moscow were seized, thanks to the activities of Igor Gouzenko.

*So far as I know,* the Communist organization in the British Civil Service did not dabble in espionage. But here you have a closely knit chain of followers, spread throughout the departments of state, bound in secrecy and under orders from a party whose allegiance lies outside this country.

What did the commission on the Canadian trials have to say?

"It seems to be general policy of the Communist Party to discourage certain selected sympathizers from joining openly; instead, these sympathizers are invited to join secret 'cells' or study groups and to take pains to keep their adherence to the Party from the knowledge of their acquaintances who are not also members."

### Step by Step into Treachery

Lunan (who was a Party member in charge of a spy ring of three scientists and Rogov of the Soviet Embassy) said in evidence: "I had no idea of the scope and extent of this work. I was amazed when it first became clear to me."

"The general effect on the young man or woman over a period of time of *secret* acquaintances, and *secret* objectives, plans and policies can easily be imagined," said the Commission.

"They are led step by step along ingenious development courses . . . until, under the influence of sophisticated and unscrupulous leaders, they have been persuaded to engage in illegal activities directed against the safety and interests of their own society."

It happened in Canada. Soviet Embassy staff was proved beyond all doubt to be running a paid spy ring, with the Communist Party as its broad base. It *could* happen here.

The organization is ready, waiting. And that organization has to be tackled, however much the British mind is instinctively repelled by the secret-police "purge" idea.

# WITH MY FEET UP

## Men's Wear Men Swear By

IN LONDON during this month there is to be a show of men's fashions. It is to be run like a women's dress show, but using male mannequins. The settings will represent such places as an exclusive West End men's club and a country house party.

This, as far as I can visualize it, is going to be good. The club scene shows a spacious room with heavy mahogany furniture. Several elegant young men are standing about, drinking whisky (cold tea) and talking briskly (hot tips).

"Don't mention gee-gees to me," says one. "I've just lost a pony on a pony, Tony."

"Sorry to hear that, old man," says Tony. "But if you don't mind my saying so, that's a fine double-breasted pin-stripe lounge jacket you have on, Gerald."

"You mean this old thing?" says Gerald simpering. "I suppose it's not bad reely. I had it run up out of a length of four-strand ten-ounce botany serge from Cuff and Shoulderpad, Ltd."

"I particularly admire the way the three-inch lapels roll to the second button, the round shoulders and the row of appliqué-ed gussets round the waistline," observes Tony.

* * *

At the country house party, everything is very informal. The same young men are lounging about. This time they are wearing sports jackets, plus fours, leather Tyrolese shorts, and riding breeches with bright pink strappings.

A newcomer arrives, dressed in heavy tweed with a pattern of blue and red diamonds.

"How are you, Basil?" says one, advancing to meet him. "How ripping of you to come. Ha, I see you've stolen a fashion march on us all! You have only two buttons on your cuff instead of three."

"One fell off in the train, Brian."

"Dear Basil, you always were amusing! Confidentially, I hear that one of our best fashion houses is trying to bring in the two-button cuff."

"Really? How frightfully shocking! Ah, here's Derek in a most becoming outfit. . . ."

So that's a fashion show. And so we leave these Fair Isles.

Despite all this, I suppose I shall just go on wearing my frayed flannel trousers and my Utility sports coat. And so will you, too, probably.

**by Ian Fox**



# TWANG!
## Robin Hood's Had It

**His legendary half-mile shot with a bow and arrow may very soon be bettered**

TODAY, ARCHERY, from sinking to a back garden pastime as athletic as conkers on the estates of lords and ladies and the lawns of country vicarages, is again on the up-swing.

More than one hundred active archery clubs function in this country—from the Royal Scottish Archers, founded in 1600, the Royal Toxophilite Club of London, 1781, the Woodmen of Arden, a year later, with their hundreds of members, to the most recent club of twenty railway workers near Bristol. In the North and Midlands the sport is particularly strong.

Non-competitive field archery—ranging afield with bow and arrow at the ready—is also having a popular revival. First you pop off at haphazard targets such as tins and tree roots. Then, when your aim is certain you try moving objects.

Archery's terms are as ancient as history, but the bows of finest tempered steel are a modern engineering job. Their thickness varies along the length to agree with a complicated series of blueprint stresses worked out in trigonometry.

Until recently Sweden was the only source of steel bows. Now we, in particular, and the Americans are making the finest of them. The bow strings are waxed linen thread.

The arrows come in several lengths, averaging twenty-six inches, and are precision-made of special drawn-steel tubes weighted and balanced so that each of the set of half a dozen is a perfect match, one with another. The fletching (three feathers at the nock or rear end) is preferably eagle's flight feathers.

### Undeserved Stigma

Steel bows and arrows perhaps upset one's romantic memories of Robin Hood with his yew bow and grey-goose-feathered arrows. But the truth seems to be that archery has suffered too long from adults calling it a child's game.

A modern archer can shoot an arrow about 640 yards. Robin Hood was credited with half a mile. To have done this with wooden tackle he would have needed a bow with a centre-grip diameter of six inches—impossible to bend.

This year should, in fact, see the half-mile shot by a British bowman, with steel tackle.

One reason for the revival of the sport lies in the improvement of the tackle (as the whole outfit is called). The perfect wooden bow and arrows were more or less the stuff of dreams, for wood varies in strength and spring and straightness from inch to inch.

Archery is easy to know (it has only one stance), yet difficult to master. It's a good competitive sport for a group of friends or a family. Great strength is *not* a requisite. The effort is rated as ten per cent physical, eighty-five per cent mental—with, say, five per cent brute force.

Most clubs use a long, fairly narrow lawn as the range. On it are straw-stuffed butts, each with a forty-eight inch five-circle target of white, black, blue, red rings (reading inwards) with a gold inner.

**Swedish champion, Hans Deutgen, shows how. Women can combine skill with grace**

The score, in the same order, is one, three, five, seven and nine. The gold is 9.6 inches in diameter and the outer circles each 4.8 inches wide. This target size does not vary with different distances. But it appears comfortingly larger in the shorter shoots, as the longer are shot first in competitions.

Modern training sets beginners practising at bending the bow—without an arrow. After learning the correct stance, described as "an easy, non-rigid attitude with no feeling of strain in any part of the body," the learner goes on to shoot for the gold at ten yards.

"We like to let them see it can be done," says the secretary of the Toxophilite Club. "When a newcomer finds he can hit the target at short range his interest in archery is sealed. He must go on to longer shoots."

So he goes on to twenty—thirty—fifty yards, getting the feel of the club bow, finding, with advice, his own particular bow weight. *Bow weight* is the number of pounds of pressure needed to hold the bow at full draw of the arrow-length. Beginners start with a weak bow. Men at thirty pounds, women at twenty pounds, young children less again.

Whether, eventually, you buy a steel or wood bow of your own will depend on your pocket or fancy. Many archers first buy a good second-hand wooden bow, average weight forty pounds. A really first-class bow will cost £4.

The best steel arrows are everlasting, and cost from 7s. 6d. to 10s. each. You need a set of six, perfectly matched.

Other tackle can be bought as you go along—finger guards for pulling on the bow string, a leather guard for the fore-arm holding the bow, a quiver for arrows.

### Starting a Club

C. B. Edwards, secretary of the governing body, the Grand National Archery Society, advises would-be archers who don't live near a club to advertise. "We're willing to help with advice and copies of the rules," he says, "but often an experienced archer lives locally. The advertisement brings him out and his on-the-spot practical help is invaluable. To begin, one bow and six arrows can be shared by all, with a primary target of a bale of straw."

Edwards gets around the country meeting new clubs and organizing competitions.

In competition all archers shoot both ways along the range. Three arrows north to south, then three south to north. Rounds commonly shot are:

MEN

*The National Round.*
Four dozen at eighty yards and two dozen at sixty.

*The York Round.*
Six dozen at one hundred yards, four at eighty, and two at sixty.

WOMEN

*The National Round.*
Four dozen arrows at sixty yards; two dozen at fifty yards.

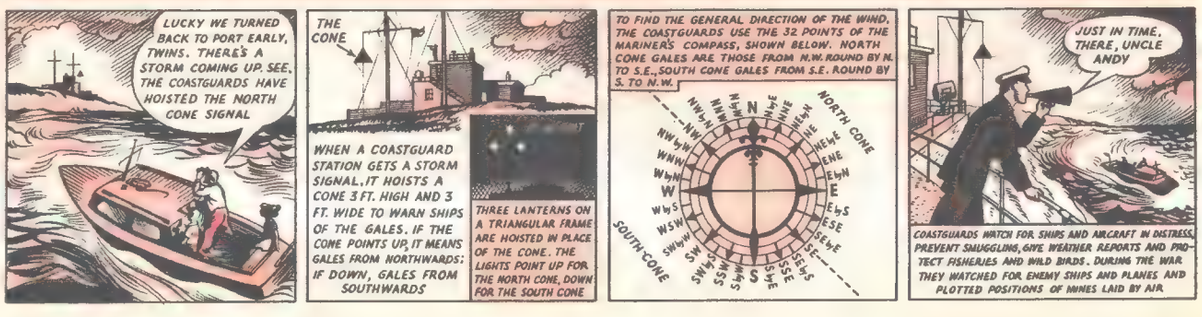
*The Western Round.*
Four dozen each at sixty and fifty yards.

*The Hereford Round.*
Six dozen at eighty yards, four at sixty, and two at fifty.
(This is a full day's shoot, with an hour's interval after the eighty yards shooting.)

Women, they say, can achieve high art in archery yet remain cool, unruffled and graceful.

**GEORGE RISCOE**

## UNCLE ANDY — *There's a Storm Blowing Up!*


LUCKY WE TURNED BACK TO PORT EARLY, TWINS. THERE'S A STORM COMING UP. SEE, THE COASTGUARDS HAVE HOISTED THE NORTH CONE SIGNAL
THE CONE
WHEN A COASTGUARD STATION GETS A STORM SIGNAL, IT HOISTS A CONE 3 FT. HIGH AND 3 FT. WIDE TO WARN SHIPS OF THE GALES. IF THE CONE POINTS UP, IT MEANS GALES FROM NORTHWARDS; IF DOWN, GALES FROM SOUTHWARDS
THREE LANTERNS ON A TRIANGULAR FRAME ARE HOISTED IN PLACE OF THE CONE. THE LIGHTS POINT UP FOR THE NORTH CONE, DOWN FOR THE SOUTH CONE
TO FIND THE GENERAL DIRECTION OF THE WIND, THE COASTGUARDS USE THE 32 POINTS OF THE MARINER'S COMPASS, SHOWN BELOW. NORTH CONE GALES ARE THOSE FROM N.W. ROUND BY N. TO S.E., SOUTH CONE GALES FROM S.E. ROUND BY S. TO N.W.
NORTH CONE
SOUTH CONE
JUST IN TIME, THERE, UNCLE ANDY
COASTGUARDS WATCH FOR SHIPS AND AIRCRAFT IN DISTRESS, PREVENT SMUGGLING, GIVE WEATHER REPORTS AND PROTECT FISHERIES AND WILD BIRDS. DURING THE WAR THEY WATCHED FOR ENEMY SHIPS AND PLANES AND PLOTTED POSITIONS OF MINES LAID BY AIR

# The Bright Gentleman

*by CLEDWYN HUGHES*

ILLUSTRATED BY STEVEN SPURRIER, A.R.A.

**Ifan knew all about the inside goings on of a plant, but he was not so sure of the outside goings on of Martha, his wife**

Once Ifan had won all the classes at the flower show in Calon village

IT WAS SAID OF IFAN EDWARDS that not only had he green fingers, but a green heart and mind also. Many in Calon village had gardens behind the houses and neat little allotments by the side of the river.

Many were wonderfully clever at growing sweet peas, and there was always a race to be the earliest with the Sunday dinner of new potatoes.

Almost every man in Calon had green fingers. But even in this village of gardeners, Ifan Edwards was something of a super gardener. For not only did he know all the art of seasons and fertilizers, and the cunning of glass frames and a warm south wall, but he also knew the inside life of plants.

That was his great advantage. For Ifan was not only a gardener, but he was something of a botanist also. He could speak on how a plant had its food from the soil and he understood why leaves were green, and could explain with little diagrams the wonderful way a plant breathed.

But he was no academic botanist. For he could dig a garden as level as any man, and was not afraid to soil his boots with farmyard manure.

His only disadvantage as a gardener was his height. He was a pole of a man and could say good night over the top of a door. But this height was a great disadvantage in gardening, he having to bend so much. And it was in the Spring of the year, of all times, that the lumbago struck Ifan Edwards.

One day he had finished cutting the bowling green, for he was the groundsman of Calon playing field. One day he had done that and was on his way home full of thought as to how he could force his strawberries a little earlier this year. And he was by his house and about to dismount off his bicycle when it came upon him.

Ifan rode a high, old-fashioned bicycle, and he got off it in a strange, roundabout way. A high leap in the air, with his one foot to the step at the back. For Ifan had learned to ride on a fixed wheel and the habit of dismounting was still with him.

BUT this Tuesday evening he could not dismount. Try as he would, the pain was too much in his back to allow him to fling his leg. And so it was that he had to ride on past his little home.

His wife was making the tea as she saw him riding by, his face in agony and he passing the very gate where he had turned in at ten past five all these years.

She thought he had gone mad, for this Sarah always said that bending down as Ifan did both in his work and hobby was a cause of a constant rush of blood to his head. And that, she always said, was a sure way to madness.

This night Ifan rode on into the Top Farm cows being brought home for the evening milking. He got through the first layer of cows by shouting and ringing his bell. But once halfway through, the cows closed in on him; Martha running up behind and convinced that he would be trodden to death, like her cousin who had been a jockey.

But Ifan survived fairly well. His bike had the saddest injury, being distorted and twisted and bent in a most peculiar way. The handlebars were up in the air like those of some circus bicycle, and the pedals were neatly folded in, as if for portability.

The wheels, too, had suffered badly, and in some remarkable way the inner tube had come out of the front tyre and had draped itself around Ifan's neck. The valve was just under his chin, and, as Martha stepped over the remains of the bicycle to speak to him, she trod

on one end of this inner tube. So that the increased pressure, Martha being a heavy woman, caused the valve to blow out with a great rush of air and hit poor Ifan under the soft flesh of his chin. This seemed to stun him more than the passage of the cows, and it took Martha half an hour to get him home.

The doctor said that it was shock and lumbago, that Ifan would have to rest for a couple of months at least.

After the doctor had gone Ifan knocked on the floor for his wife, and when she came up he asked her:

"My garden, and who will see to my garden? Who will plant and water and keep down the weeds?"

"Not I, that's certain."

"I would not expect you. You have no love for the soil."

"Not a ha'porth, Ifan Edwards, do I care for the soil. That is a place for grubs and little worms."

"But you like the peas for the pot, Martha, and you grumble plenty if I sell raspberries to the hotel."

"It looks now as if I shall have to buy vegetables, Ifan; I, who am the wife of the supposed-to-be best gardener in Calon. But whoever heard of good gardeners down with the lumbago? Besides disgracing themselves with a herd of cows and ruining a bicycle."

Ifan twisted the tassels of the old faded counterpane in his fingers, twisted them gently as if they had been the tendrils of some prize sweet pea. And then he spoke.

"Every dog has his day, Martha. Perhaps I have had mine. Perhaps another man will roll the tennis court now and cut the grass short on the bowling green."

She became very tender then, for when the shell of her heart was cracked Ifan knew that she was the kindest woman in Calon. She smoothed the grey hair back from his eyes, and, like a storyteller remembering a tale, she told him how proud she had been when he had talked to the Women's Institute of the inside, mysterious life of green plants.

And finished speaking, she rushed from the room and afterwards he could hear her banging the saucepans.

Ifan guessed that she would be upset. She was always like that after a bout of kindness, as if ashamed of herself.

THE district nurse came every other day to Ifan, and it was she who kept him in the gossip of the village. But she was a morbid woman and said to be the best layer-out in the county.

Not that Ifan found this a happy thing, for the nurse one day talked of how difficult those who had had the lumbago were to lay out.

Her round face wrinkled with annoyance at the thought of it, and Ifan prayed then as never before that he might be allowed to grow carrots and kill slugs once again.

In the weeks Ifan read much. Borrowing the latest books on botany from the county library and reading of the ways of foreign plants, thinking to himself what a wonderful show of cacti he would make if he was spared just this once.

But in addition to his physical pain, Ifan had another worry.

It was the way Martha went out each evening. About six he would hear the front door slam, and after that, no matter how much he banged on the bedroom floor, there was no Martha to come up to him. About ten she would come in, rather quietly.

After a fortnight he asked her:

"Martha, where do you go each night?"

"Well, and what business is that of yours?"—she gave him his milky drink—"I look after you well enough, do I not?"

"True, true indeed. But I am your husband and I am surely entitled to know where you are going?"

"Are you?"

He tried a little joke.

"Why, Martha, for all I know you might be going after another man."

She went away from the side of the bed and looked over the fields at the back of the house. Ifan noticed how red her face was in the light of the last of the sun.

He called to her again.

"Just my little joke. But it might be another man."

She turned on him suddenly and shook her head in a lost way.

"It might, mightn't it?"

And she was away then, fast down the stairs. Ifan asked her no more questions that night, for he was afraid in his heart of what might be the answer.

But next night at six o'clock she went out again.

When the district nurse came next day he asked her direct.

"Nurse, tell me, have you heard any scandal about my wife?"

The nurse shook her head as she rolled up her sleeves.

"Not a thing, Ifan."

"Oh, but I hear her going out each night at six. Has she a man to go to?"

"Oh, that? Oh no, not a man, but in a way a gentleman. Shall we say, a bright gentleman?"

"What do you mean, Nurse?"

But she would not tell him, and in the weeks that followed he asked her many times about this bright gentleman, but the nurse would tell him no more. Each night at six Martha went out, and as the lumbago got better Ifan would get up on an elbow to see which way she was going. And it was always to the village.

In some way Ifan lost count of time. The doctor had said two months, and Ifan, at the beginning of his time in bed, had been too dazed to count the Sundays, to measure out the weeks one from the other. The district nurse came so regularly every other day, and the doctor once a week. May had come quickly, and Ifan had had much joy in listening to the swallows as they made their mud nest under the eaves to the right of his bedroom window.

The first of the summer went by, and each week the doctor examined Ifan's back and said just a little longer, old man. And Ifan got in the habit of being in bed and became used to the way Martha went out each night.

And it was not until the end of August that Ifan Edwards rose again.

His back had been healing all the time, and the doctor had let him sit up in his room with the last week of August. A hot month it had been, with the sun dancing on the slates and hardly a breath of fresh air to be had in the cottage bedroom. Martha had set up an old wicker chair by the window, padded with cushions. She had sat him there and at six, as usual, she went out.

He watched her go, and it was only when she had quite gone and he had settled down to read about the flowers of the tropical forests that he heard it.

It was the sound of a brass band, coming across the meadows. And a brass band in Calon at the end of August could mean one thing only. The flower show.

And Ifan knew that it was the first time in thirty-five years that he had missed it. Once he had won all the Cottager classes, and five years ago they had made him one of the judges. And this time they had forgotten him. The judging would have been this morning and the exhibition would be almost over, now.

Martha—why had she not told him? And why had not the officials been to see him, the chairman of the playing field or old gardening friends? He realized now that since the Spring the only people he had seen were the nurse and the doctor and Martha.

He stood up from his chair.

Martha had gone to enjoy herself with her gentleman to the show. He must go there, too.

IFAN found his clothes. They had been laid away, as if for ever, in the bottom drawer of the sideboard downstairs. Quickly he dressed and took his best gardening spade from under the bed, there where he kept this special tool, the blade blue and rust-free and smeared with oil. He set out now with this spade as a kind of walking stick.

Slowly he went along towards the village, his spade clanging on the road.

He would go to the show. He would disgrace her. But he must see his allotment first. See how deep the weeds were, how untidy the paths.

Ifan turned in through the wide gateway set in the wide, green privet hedge. His was a garden by the river. It was a kind of terraced garden with steps and rockeries and wonderfully rich soil.

He went in.

At first he thought that he had made a mistake, or that they had let off his allotment to some other gardener.

Could this neat place be his? And the greenhouse, that so smart in the corner by the bend of the river. What could all this be?

He stood inside the gate, spade in hand. He was tired now, and sat on a stone kerb of one of the rockeries, watching the greenhouse.

Perhaps Martha had arranged all this? She, perhaps, had given the garden to this man of hers? And Ifan hoped that the man would not make a mess of it. That patch at the bottom was rich for sweet peas only, the fertilizer in the soil there grew only stem and flower and was no use for foodcrops.

As he watched, the door of the greenhouse opened and Martha came up the garden.

Ifan got up and went down a little way to meet her.

They met by the little lily pond. He stayed on the one side and his wife came round to him.

"Hallo, Ifan, you should be in your room now and resting."

"The show? You should be in the show, Martha. Why have you not gone and why have they not made me the judge?"

"You are too ill, Ifan—far too ill to go to a draughty tent."

"But they could have asked me; they could have come to me and talked to me of flowers and of gardens."

"I could not let them come. They would give away my secret. The district nurse and the doctor have promised."

"Promised, Martha? Your secret?"

"Yes, do you not see the garden?"

"Indeed, it is as tidy as when I left it. Except that you have not planted the rows very straight. But I daresay that your lover was with you and your mind was not full on the job."

He could see she was puzzled, and he was suddenly afraid that she would think him queer and half mad. That she would move him away from Calon.

He spoke quickly.

"The nurse told me you went out each evening to see a bright gentleman, Martha."

She laughed then. Took his spade from him and put her arm around him and took him down to the edge of the river.

There she pointed to the greenhouse.

"That is my bright gentleman, Ifan."

"That? You have bought it?"

"With my savings."

"And you it is who has done the garden?"

"All myself, not a gent to help me."

"But why, Martha, why all this secret?"

"A surprise for you. And besides, I like it."

She took him into the greenhouse.

"See the cucumbers and even melons. All my life I have wanted to grow melons. But what chance had I to garden when you were so expert? It was some sacred ground to you almost, and only your hands should touch it."

Calon people smile now when they see both of them bending in the wonderful garden. Martha has the knack of the thing all right, but she is rather one for fancy things—asparagus and melons and suchlike.

The village people know that she cannot talk of cells and the wonder of a plant's construction. Only Ifan can do that.

But some say he is a little sad, for a good garden is surely one man's joy only. And Ifan has nowhere to escape, now.

## THIS WEEK'S COVER

HOP-PICKING is a subject Douglas L. Mays can paint from personal experience. He knows all about "bins" and "pokes" and "pockets" and "pole pullers," for he once spent three weeks working in the hopfields of Matfield and Horsmonden, Kent. His job earned him a gallon jar of beer a day, but, he says, "the experience, was not altogether pleasant, as the beer and the continual smell of the hops upset my inside for a fortnight."

THE HUMAN MACHINE

## Greatness

MOST great men, you'll find, have certain things in common. First, they take enormous pains to get all the facts connected with any problem confronting them—*all* the facts, not just those which fit in with some preconceived notion.

Then they view the facts imaginatively. They not only visualize action, they foresee consequences. Lastly, when they decide to act, they act promptly, boldly, decisively.

The obvious traits of great men are impartiality, patience, imagination and courage. I don't say that everyone can be a great man, but I do say there is nothing here that cannot be imitated and applied with great advantage by ordinary men to ordinary affairs.

We're all capable of simplifying our problems, of thinking through to the core of them and then having a go at their solution. We've all got that ability, if we would only use it.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

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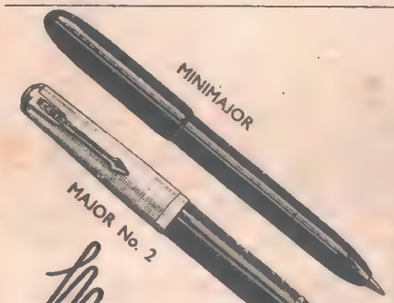


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# Beauty in the Salad Bowl

Salads are Nature's beauty foods. They help to put roses in your cheeks, clear your skin, give you bright eyes and glossy hair. And what more pleasant way to health and beauty than a salad a day? You can have plenty of variety, for all green vegetables and young root vegetables are at home in the salad bowl—in fact, most of them are richer in health-giving vitamins than the conventional lettuce. Below are some suggestions to set you experimenting with your own delicious combinations of salad ingredients.

## SALAD HINTS

Salads should be well blended with dressing before serving. Shake vegetables dry in cloth or salad basket as dressing does not cling to wet ingredients. Shred cabbage with a sharp knife; tender leaves of lettuce or spinach with fingers. Grate or shred root vegetables. Line bowl with lettuce leaves, mix main ingredients with dressing, place in bowl, add garnishing.

## SUMMER SALAD

*1 lettuce, 1 breakfastcupful of shredded cabbage or spinach leaves, 1 breakfastcupful of cooked green peas, 1 breakfastcupful diced cooked potato and some mint sauce. Radishes for garnishing.*

Line a bowl with lettuce leaves. Mix the cabbage or spinach, peas and potato with mint sauce used as salad dressing. Put into bowl, garnish with lettuce heart and radish roses. (Cut long-shaped radishes cross-ways two or three times with a small sharp knife, nearly to root end. Leave in cold water until the " petals " expand.)

## A MAIN MEAL SALAD

*8 oz. cooked fish, 1 chopped hard-boiled egg (fresh, or a reconstituted dried egg steamed in egg-cups), 2 level tablespoons chopped parsley, pinch of paprika pepper, pinch of black pepper, 1-1½ level teaspoons salt, 1 level tablespoon chopped spring onion, 2 level tablespoons salad dressing, 1 lettuce, 1 bunch of watercress, ¼ pint cooked peas.*

Mix well together the fish, egg, parsley, seasoning and onion with the salad dressing. Divide mixture into four mounds and arrange on bed of lettuce. Decorate with watercress, peas and parsley.

## SOME SALAD DRESSINGS

SALAD DRESSING: *2 level tablespoons flour, 1 level tablespoon dried egg (dry), 1 level teaspoon mustard, 1 level teaspoon sugar, 1 level teaspoon salt, pepper, ½ pint milk or vegetable water, 1 oz. margarine, 4 tablespoons vinegar.*

Mix flour, egg, mustard, sugar, salt and pepper to a smooth paste with a little of the liquid. Boil remaining liquid, pour on to the blended flour, return to pan and bring to the boil, stirring all the time. Boil gently for 5 minutes. Remove from the heat and add margarine. Mix well and add vinegar.

THIN SALAD DRESSING: This is very good to use when you cannot get oil. *½ teaspoon mustard, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, pinch of pepper, 2 tablespoons top of milk, 1 tablespoon vinegar.*

Mix the seasoning together and mix in the milk gradually. When quite smooth, add the vinegar and stir well. Use same day.

FOR THE CHILDREN: A delicious salad dressing, which children especially will love, is to blend 2 tablespoons top of milk with 2 level teaspoons sugar, pinch of salt, and a pinch of pepper. Gradually stir in 1 tablespoon lemon juice. (C14)

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD

MF

WHALE HUNT: Continued from page 9

ahead of us, ripping the line out through the winches. We counted the splices as they ran out. There were a hundred fathoms to each splice, and at the ninth, though he braked as hard as he dared on the winches, the engineer couldn't hold it.

Bitterly disappointed, we watched the end of the line curl up and slide out through the hawse-hole in the bow. A thousand fathoms of line—gone, just like that!

Three times we gave chase. But each time Jan stopped at the last moment. The whale was not big enough for him.

Then, right on our starboard beam, a big spout showed against the dark patch of a squall.

We were right on top of the whale when next she blew. The spout was so close that I could have sworn some of the spray drifted across our decks. The whale was staying down for only a few minutes and making off to the north at about our own speed. At each spout she was staying longer and longer on the surface.

At last the moment came when the great half-submerged mass lay wallowing right ahead of our bows. Jan ran to the gun. The whale dived. But she was up again almost immediately. I heard the coughing grunt as she breathed, feathering the water up in a long, blown spume.

Jan braced his legs apart, holding the gun against the movement of the ship. Then he fired.

The whale's tail threshed the water at the sting of the harpoon. The huge body curved and vanished. Our last line went roaring out through the hawse-hole as the monster flung herself to the bed of the sea in her fear.

Then began a tug-of-war between the ship and the whale. In one rush that big cow whale took up four hundred fathoms of line. The line went slack and the winch clattered as the engineer wound in. The whale came up on our port quarter and lay for a moment quite still. Then, with a flick of her giant tail, she went ploughing away across the sea.

We turned on our engines and followed, the line reeling out, the brake drums on the winch squealing. We got within a few yards of her, so that I could see the tiny eye, watching us malignantly.

I'd been out with the big catchers. I'd seen whale threshing at the end of the line before. But then I'd always been on the high gun platform, twenty feet or more above the sea. Now I was in a small wooden boat, and I was standing below the level of the monster's back.

Jan remained at the wheel. His men had lances in their hands. The whale, completely exhausted, lay rolling like a giant log in the swell. We hauled up alongside. The back of the monster rose above our gunwls. Her blunt head was exposed, her mouth half open so that we could see the finners. Our bows almost touched her.

The engines went astern and in went the lances, deep into the carcase, searching for the heart.

The water boiled suddenly alongside us. Jan shouted. I can see it now—the tail upcurved, right above us. Then it came down. And as it did so the two men for'ard with the lances dived overboard.

That huge tail crashed down upon our bows. I had a glimpse of the harpoon gun smashed and driven deep into the ship. The whole boat bucked, as though kicking up her stern, and I was flung against the deckhouse. There was a crash of splintering wood and the sea broke over us like a flood.

I remember thinking I was drowning, for all the breath had been knocked out of my body. Then suddenly my eyes were open and I was staring at what had been the *Skarv's* bows. They were ripped clean

Continued on next page

## AS I WAS SAYING . . . by HERBERT HODGE

Facial expression is important—when machines break down, for instance

# Look grim and bear it

A FRIEND OF MINE, who's got to take his holiday late this year, was asking me what I thought about these Volunteer Agricultural Camps—with their offer of a farming holiday.

The only snag I could think of was that it wouldn't be very restful. But then I think it's a mistake to go to the country to be idle. The seaside is the place for that. The seaside is fitted up for idle holidays. The countryside isn't. The countryside is a place where people work.

For a townsman, a week in the country can be very dull if he is got nothing to do but wander about the lanes, looking over the hedges at the fields—fields full of things he often doesn't even know the name of and people doing jobs he doesn't understand. He soon begins to feel bored. He's a lonely man on the wrong side of the hedge. He doesn't belong.

The prettiest scene soon gets monotonous if you can't do anything except stand in the road and look at it. You feel you've got to keep pushing on. Where to? Oh, anywhere, so long as it's somewhere different. But when you get there, it's still the same—still fields, where you don't belong.

### Fields Full of Interest

But if only you can get inside just one field and begin to understand what it's all about; mixing with the other people working there and feeling that you do belong—why then you find there's more interest and excitement in one field than there is in a thousand miles of merely "seeing" the countryside.

Or don't you? My friend had his doubts. He was thinking, he said, of the things I hadn't mentioned—itchy things, like the harvest bugs he'd heard about; and the sweat and backache and blisters.

I explained that was all a part of the interest and excitement of country life. Besides, if he waits till October he won't get the harvest bugs—though he'll probably get a taste of backache and blisters, since he isn't used to heavy manual work.

It's potato-lifting in October; and a good many potatoes are still lifted by hand. But blisters are better than boredom. And even if he doesn't get anything else out of his week on the land, he will at least have the satisfaction of finding out what a soft job he's got at the office.

There's a lot to be said for enduring a week of real misery, if it means you're going to be thinking how lucky you are for the other fifty-one weeks of the year. On balance, you're obviously the winner—exchanging one week's pain for fifty-one weeks' pleasure. With most holidaymakers it's the other way about.

### No Use for Clock-watchers

When I first tried a bit of farming I didn't find the backache and the blisters troubled me much—though, of course, I got my fair share of them to begin with.

What I found difficult was the mental side of it—getting to understand the farmworker's point of view, especially his way of looking at work.

As a townsman, I looked on work as something you started doing at a certain time in the morning and stopped doing at a certain time at night—and then went home and forgot about, until it was time to start again next morning. But that isn't the way the farmworker looks at it. If he did there soon wouldn't be any farm. Nature doesn't work by the clock. I had to learn all that in a series of rude surprises.

As the youngest and greenest member of the staff, it was my job to get up at 4 a.m. and make the tea. I took the farmer a cup in bed and then sat in the kitchen to drink mine.

One morning, just as I was sitting down to enjoy it and thinking how grateful the farmer must be, lying in bed and enjoying his, the kitchen door burst open and in rushed the farmer barefooted, in his nightshirt. I could see he was excited about something, but I couldn't imagine what.

"Hey!" he shouted. "Have you watered the horses?"

"Why, no," I said. "I'm just having my cup of tea."

It was the wrong answer. I saw that as soon as I'd said it. He started jumping about that kitchen as if he'd stepped on a tintack. And although it's difficult for an employer to be really impressive when he's hopping mad in a nightshirt, he did make me realize what a lot of difference there was between our town and country points of view.

### Horses Come First

However, I felt I'd learned my first lesson. The next morning I drank my tea before I woke him. It took me months to get the true farmworker's feeling, and to put the horses first in my thoughts.

Learning to go through the motions of farmwork is not enough. You've got to learn to think like a farmer. You've got to learn to wear the right expression on your face, too.

You mustn't go about looking too cheerful, or as if you don't care, when things go wrong. That was one of my worst mistakes on that farm. I found the proper mournful expression was one of the most difficult things for a townsman to acquire.

I remember when the potato-lifting started, and a man arrived with what must have been the first mechanical potato-digger ever invented. It dug the potatoes out all right, but it didn't pick them up. The picking up had to be done by hand. And if you didn't work fast enough to keep up with the machine as it travelled along one set of furrows, it would bury the uncovered potatoes again as it came back down the next. So you had to keep on going like clockwork.

But this potato-digger had one good point. It was so old and worn that every time it hit a bad bump one of the wheels would fall off. And we all had a rest while the driver was fixing it on again.

The first time it happened the farmer and the experienced hands gathered round the machine with worried looks. But I sat right down in the furrow where I was, heaved a happy sigh and rolled a cigarette. And then I looked up and caught the farmer's eye; and realized I'd done the wrong thing again. I must have been smiling all over my face.

### Two Different Worlds

It may not seem much to the casual onlooker, but it's the kind of thing that stamps the two men concerned as living in completely different worlds.

Years later, working again on a farm and catching that same look in a townsman's eyes, I felt just as annoyed about it as that farmer must have felt when he looked at me. By that time, of course, I'd learned the feel of farming; learned that I was there to serve the land, and that the land wasn't there just to serve—or amuse—me.

It's a difficult thing to explain. You either know it or you don't know it. But until you do know it you don't really know very much about living.

That's why I encouraged my friend to try the farming holiday. Whether he has an easy time or a tough time, I think he'll learn a lot that's worth knowing about the things that really matter. And when he comes back he'll almost certainly find there's a new and precious flavour in his potatoes.

# HER EXTRA PAY ENVELOPE

THE postman often knocks at 31 Lumley Road, Walsall. Frequently he brings a *Bullets* prize for Mr. Turner, sometimes one for Mrs. F. D. Turner. Theirs is a competition partnership and between them they made up the *Bullet*, WHAT WE FEAR—"THE DARK" *Ivan's* IN.

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4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated October 2, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

## ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

| | |
|---|---|
| Picture Of Peace | No Referee |
| Foreman Cripps | On A Piece Of String |
| To Make Ends Meet | Yawning |
| United We Stand, But | Out Of Sight |
| In Whitehall | Their Baby |
| Left The Door Open | The Funny Thing Is |
| What It Means | **Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions** |
| Faith's Armour | |
| Ace Of Trumps | |
| A Little Misunderstanding | Could Be A ..... |
| On My Money | Mass Of..... |
| All In | ..... Method |
| Dad's Tobacco | Caught In The..... |
| Going Full Blast | Coming..... |
| | He.....Too Much And |

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Awards value £25 for Runners-up shared between 17 entrants.

NOTE.—Holiday Prize Offers are now over for 1948, but this week's £100 and 12-Item Surprise Parcels give you a greatly increased opportunity to win a useful 2-in-1 Award for the Crossword below. Start on that puzzle now, and post your entry by Monday, September 13.

## "Bullets" Winners No. 1,642

FIRST PRIZE, £250 plus "Rich-for-a-Day" Award: W. Richardson, Flat 2, Johns Court, Ladywell, S.E.13: SUFFERS FROM SAVING WORLD'S "BACON," JOHN'S BREAKFAST.

SECOND PRIZE, £25 plus "Rich-for-a-day" Award: T. Cooper, 36 North Lochside, Lerwick, Shetland Isles: GOING TO BE DEMOCRATIC—FRITZ—GOING ON STRIKE!

THIRD PRIZE, £10 plus "Rich-for-a-Day" Award: Miss M. Ritchie, 7a Crown Parade, Hayes: GOING TO BE SORRY—IF EFFORT IS "APOLOGY."

OTHER AWARDS: £9: A. J. B. Clarke, "Ilston," Lamb Street, Carlisle: HOUSEKEEPING—*My* "DUTCH" CLEARING "HURDLES." £8: T. J. Roberts, 21 Mount Street, Rhostyllen: WHEN THE BILL COMES—TO BILLIONS, WHO CARES? £7: W. C. Fort, 13 Kay Street, Clitheroe: THE BRITISH OAK—*Clinging* TO "*Vine*," FATHER. £6: C. H. Lowe, 18 Elm Street, Wellingborough: LEAVE THEM ALONE AND—YOU'VE FOUND "INFALLIBLE SYSTEM." FIVE of £5: J. W. Cummings, 263 Maryhill Road, Glasgow: NICE BIT OF FOOTWORK—THEN HOUSEWORK, SAVED HENPECK! B. M. Cunningham, 8 Bury Road, Gosport: NICE BIT OF TIMING—"OH—YOU'RE HAVING TEA!" S. F. Riches, 47 Tattersall Gardens, Leigh-on-Sea: THE MORNING AFTER—FOR THE *Whole* COMPARTMENT? Mrs. L. Tranter, 2 Ashton Road, Glasshoughton: HOT AND TIRED—FOREMAN—BEEN SACKING GRANDPA! W. H. Wilson, 46 Haddon Avenue, Liverpool, 9: HELL LET LOOSE—TWO OFFICIALS—SAME INITIALS!

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FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

If you prefer to send extra sets of Answers on plain paper, you may do so, but form below saves you the time, trouble and paper involved.

**Across Clues** **XWORD 598**

1. Walk over countryside can be quite unpleasant when it's this
3. Easily produces melting effect on some people
7. However wild and unruly youngster may be, father shouldn't give him this
8. Political candidate is foolish if he speaks as though his opponent were
10. If a man loses his temper it's naturally put down to
11. This may be somewhat unsuitable colour for scullery
13. This of roses in bloom is likely to add a real touch of beauty
14. Is apt to become sluggish at times
15. One may be found very slippery and evasive.

**Down Clues**

2. Cause farmers lot of unnecessary trouble
4. Aged folk and tiny toddlers alike are inclined to do this
5. One usually has to give them considerable time to settle
6. Play an important part in diplomacy
9. Too often it's hot work doing this
12. One usually repents after being in

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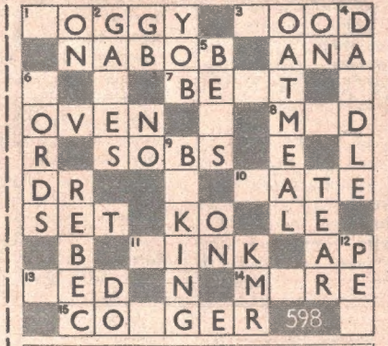

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with *one* extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.).

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Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

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**WHALE HUNT: from previous page**

off and we were trailing a litter of wreckage to which two men were clinging.

Almost alongside, a mountainous grey mass, running with blood from the lance gashes that had killed it, lay the whale.

Jan came out of the wheelhouse. He was grinning all over his face like a kid. He clapped me on the back. "We've done it," he yelled.

The two men in the water were fished out. Slowly the dazed expression left all our faces and we were laughing and talking.

For the whale was big. One glance at it told me that it was a good deal bigger than Olaf Monsen's. "Every bit of eighty tons," Jan said, his experienced eye running along the glistening back.

Behind us the catcher came surging up. I saw Olaf Monsen coming down the catwalk of his ship. As he reached the gun platform in the bows I could see his eyes. They were wild eyes and his whole body emanated a violent rage. The man was berserk.

The bows of the catcher were right over us now and Halvorsen, the judge, was hailing us through cupped hands. Suddenly Solveig, who had been watching her father, was out on the catwalk and flying down to the gun platform.

I shouted to Jan. He looked up and his face went white. One of the crew shouted. But Olaf Monsen was deaf—deaf to everything but his dead hopes. His great hands closed on the gun. Slowly he swung it round until the deadly barbs of the harpoon were pointing straight at us.

His legs straddled automatically with the habit of bracing the gun against the rise and dip of the ship. His great hand closed on the firing mechanism. Solveig shrieked and flung herself at him.

There was a blinding flash and a roar. I heard the heavy harpoon whistle over our heads. I saw Monsen stagger under his daughter's rush. Then the snaking line seemed to gather him up by his head like a puppet and the next minute his heavy body hit our deck by the winch gear with a sickening thud.

He was dead when we picked him up. His neck was broken.

And there was Solveig standing on the broken litter of the *Skarv*, white as a ghost and saying over and over again, "It was my fault. My fault. I told him the truth about Erik."

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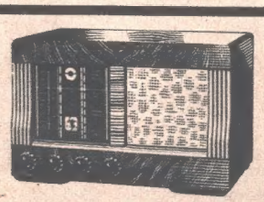

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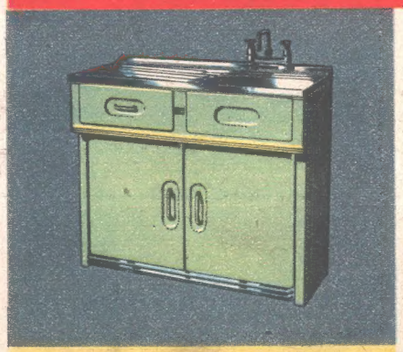

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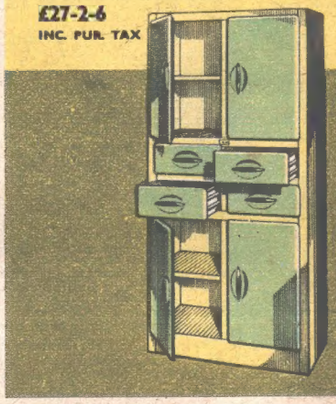

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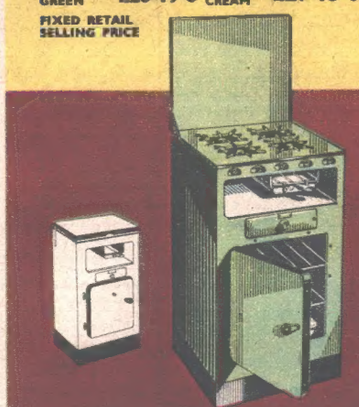

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